THE

Warwickſhire Medley:

OR,

CONVIVIAL SONGSTER.

BEING

A Collection of Original Songs,

Political, Humourous, and Satyrical.

TOGETHER WITH

MANY OTHER SELECT PIECES:

CALCULATED FOR THE TIMES.

By J. FREE.

BIRMINGHAM:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY PEARSON AND ROLLASON; AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE works of young authors are generally uſhered into the world, by apologies replete with expreſſions of diffidence and humility. Indeed, an apology, whether it be conſidered only as the herald of maiden modeſty; or as a ſhield againſt the much-dreaded lance of critical ſeverity, certainly has it's advantages. It ſerves to announce the motives that led to publication; amongſt which, the reſiſtleſs importunity of friends, is often a favourite,

ſometimes the only, plea. And it does not unfrequently happen, that too flattering an opinion of his own capacity (a vanity fed and encouraged by adulatory commendation) or a deſire to ſhew a becoming deference to the judgement of others, induces many a juvenile author to make an unworthy, perhaps a diſgraceful ſacrifice of his time, reputation, and peace of mind.---Poſſibly I may ſtand in the very predicament I am now deſcribing; and am making the ſacrifice I am ſo publickly condemning. But be it as it may, I can with

with ſtrict truth declare with what reluctance I deliver theſe unfiniſhed ſheets to the public; and that had not the partiality of friends overcome my private reſolutions, theſe pages would never have made their appearance in this form.

To the candid reader I have a few words more to offer.—Many of the ſongs in this collection, it is to be remembered, were written during the heat and hurry of conteſted elections, when the clamours of party zeal will not allow the Poet ſufficient leiſure

to arrange his thoughts properly; which indeed is the only, and I hope it will be admitted as the moſt ſatisfactory, excuſe I can offer, for the errors with which, I fear, too many of the ſongs abound.—Some of them, it is true, are merely local and temporary; but notes are inſerted, ſo as to explain the characters alluded to.

The reader, I flatter myſelf, will acquit me of arrogance in aſſerting, that many of the pieces have afforded much ſatisfaction in the ſeveral places for which they were intended; and if they

they ſhall contribute, in the ſmalleſt degree, to the feſtive enjoyments of my friends, to whoſe ſervice and entertainment I have at all times dedicated my poor abilities, every end will be anſwered, and every wiſh gratified.—Upon the whole, the hope of acquiring fame has very little ſhare in the event of this publication: My only motive, and that the beſt which can actuate the human breaſt, is, to ſupply therefrom, in ſome meaſure, the increaſing neceſſities of thoſe for whom

whom it is my indiſpenſible duty to provide, but for which end my common buſineſs in life is altogether inſufficient.

J. FREE.

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THE

Warwickſhire Medley.

SONG I.

AMERICAN CONTEST.

MOTHER England's own child, a fine luſty grown laſs,
Who for ſize through the world for a woman might paſs,
To her neighbours, in violent anger, complains,
That her dame is preparing to load her with chains.
Derry down, &c.

The daughter is able to earn her own bread,
And long on plain diet has decently fed;
On her true ancient rights will admit no controul,
For freedom ſhe loves as ſhe loves her own ſoul.

Her high pamper'd matron, to luxury prone,
In folly and faſhion extravagant grown,
Pretended ſhe'd got an old reck'ning to pay,
And could wipe off the ſcore, if her daughter drank tea.

By the invoice the girl at an inſtant could ſee,
If ſhe took to the goods, a hard bargain 'twould be;
So as ſoon as the cargo was brought to the key,
In a paſſionate air toſs'd it into the ſea.

At this inſolent freak the old lady was ſtir'd,
She gave her command, and revenge was the word;
Reſolv'd, if ſhe ſtill diſregarded her call,
To force down the poiſon with powder and ball.

You impudent huſſy, you termagant jade,
When a powerful foe did your ſuburbs invade,
Were not my beſt blood and my treaſure expended,
And were not your ſettlements nobly defended.

In the moſt corrupt kingdom the world ever knew,
Do not wonder, in peace, why freſh taxes enſue;
And you, ſpite of threats, by St. Stephen, I ſwear,
From this time a part of ſuch burthens ſhall bear.

But ſay, is it more than your duty to nouriſh
The brat which has caus'd your whole empire to flouriſh?
And if, cries the laſs, cruel meaſures are ſought,
Tis twenty to one but you cut your own throat.

My trade you reſtrain, of my produce you ſhare;
But don't pick my pocket, for that I can't bear;
To ſerve you in want I exerted my power,
The late war will prove it, what would you have more?

Years ago the ſame maxim you meant to purſue,
Ill judg'd was the deed, and oppreſſion your view;
When forgetting the parent, you ſtorm'd like a brute,
And but for *Will. Pitt* I'd been *ſtamp'd* under foot.

As ravenous creatures ſurrounding the throne
Increaſe ev'ry year, ſomething freſh muſt be done;
England long has been fleec'd, the Hibernians drain'd,
And ſupplies from America muſt be obtain'd.

Taxation's a burthen deſtructive of trade,
A plague worſe than ever did Egypt invade,
And England will ever the folly deplore,
Till ſhe takes up a ſponge, and wipes off the whole ſcore.
Derry down, &c.

SONG II.

The INS *and* OUTS.

Tune, *Cæſar and Pompey.*

WHAT a noiſe has there been, what a ſtrange conſternation!
About the ſtate jockies, who jockey the nation;
The ins and the outs, ups and downs, a mere race is,
Where all, jockey like, whip to get the beſt places;
And he that's flung off, in his fall does harangue, ſir,
And ſwears all before him in juſtice ſhould hang, ſir.

The hindmoſt condemns what the foremoſt is doing,
And ſays, he wrong meaſures is daily purſuing;
Yet twenty to one, was he in the ſame place, ſir,
With him that complains, 'twould be juſt the ſame caſe, ſir.
'Tis all a mere bubble; and thoſe that remark it,
Will find as much jockeying at court as Newmarket

When the tories to places of truſt got admittance,
And favours were amply beſtow'd on North-Britons,
The whigs were with anger and jealouſy ſwelling,
To ſee thoſe extoll'd who before were rebelling:
For power they aim, and, tho' chriſtians, will ruſh at
Thoſe things which a Turk or a Pagan would bluſh at.

There is not a ſtateſman among all the band, ſir,
But tells you he acts for the good of the land, ſir;
Yet plain it is ſeen, that theſe patriot pretenders,
Who call themſelves, Engliſhmen's glorious defenders,
Do talk, and talk only; for faith, the main plan, ſir,
Is to put in their pockets as much as they can, ſir.

Such plauſible guardians our truſt we repoſe in,
Who tell us fine ſtories before they are choſe-in;
They fawn on the ignorant, and gull the unthinking,
And come o'er the blind ſide of thoſe who love drinking:
Then after they've purchas'd us, this is the caſe, ſir,
They ſell us again on a ſeven years leaſe, ſir.

Theſe, theſe are the maxims our rulers are prone to,
Such lengths have our modern mock patriots run to,
Nay, even ſome biſhops will lean to theſe notions,
And barter the *bible* for worldly promotions:
Self-int'reſt is all; ſo a fig for the din, ſir,
It boots not to us, who's *out* or who's *in*, ſir.

SONG III.

TRIP *to* PORTSMOUTH.

WHEN ſummer days were long and fair,
And nature's objects pleaſing,
Great George to Portſmouth did repair,
To ſet the tars a gazing;
Attended by a motley throng;
And every cloſe inſpector
Did loudly cry, as he paſs'd by----
There goes our great protector.

His royal guards who led the way
Their ſilver trumpets ſounded;
By old and young, the grave and gay,
The monarch was ſurrounded:
On mountain tops the peaſants ſtood,
Aſtoniſhed at the motion,
To ſee their ſovereign brave the flood
With ſo much reſolution.

Reports of war alarm'd the ſhore,
The ſailors did aſſemble;
And o'er their ſlip with courage ſwore,
They'd make the Spaniards tremble:
But when the kingdom ſaw the cheat,
'Twas ſaid, what can we do more?
Why ſend the king to view the fleet,
'Twill keep the land in humour.

Old Neptune from the briny deep,
Juſt as the ſails were ſpreading,
Uprear'd his head to take a peep,
But ſcoff'd at ſuch proceeding:
Then with his trident ſplaſh'd the ſhore,
Appear'd much diſcontented;
And begg'd ſuch puppet ſhows no more
Might there be repreſented.

The god of waves, enrag'd to ſee
Such mockery work begin, ſir,
For future charg'd his M-----y
To keep his ſhows at Windſor:
There titles, ſtars, and ribbands blue,
May pleaſe each cringing minion;
But not a ſoul among the crew
Is fit for my dominion.

His k---ſhip gaz'd, but little knew,
Nor on the matter ponders;
The p----e in haſte returns to Kew,
And boaſts of doing wonders.
But had from boreas come a blaſt,
Within the deep t'enſnare 'em;
And half the crew had been o'ercaſt,
The country well cou'd ſpare 'em.

SONG IV.

The GOLD COIN ACT.

Tune, *Religion's a politic law.*

WHEN commerce is on the decay,
And all things are ſhamefully dear,
An unpleaſing proſpect, you'l ſay,
All over the land muſt appear.
In country, as well as in town,
Are mortals in roguery combining;
And the talk, from the peer to the clown,
Is all about clipping and coining.

A ſhame on ſuch doings as theſe,
The kingdom is all in confuſion;
For people of many degrees,
Live only by fraud and colluſion.
Time was, in relating to gold,
All eagerly ſtrove to embrace it;
But now we're ſufficiently told,
The moſt difficult thing is to paſs it.

The poor man who works all the week,
Half a guinea for wages is paid;
With which, his proviſion to ſeek,
The market is quickly ſurvey'd:
The butcher won't part with a joint,
If his caſh is deficient in weight;
The baker maintains the ſame point,
So the man can get nothing to eat.

To a chandler's ſhop he repair'd,
A raſher of bacon to get;
But ſoon as the ſcales were uprear'd,
To ſee if his piece was full weight,
Cried the youth, "it deficient appears,"
There need nothing more to be ſaid;
Then inſtantly took up the ſheers,
And ſnapt through his Majeſty's head.

Unus'd to ſuch inſolent airs,
It could not but ſtrike him with wonder;
With that he laid hold of the ſheers,
And ſnapt his fore finger aſunder:
Not judging it prudent to linger,
He ran off as faſt as he could;
So the youth loſt the end of his finger,
And he ev'ry bit of his gold.

The man by his labour that lives,
In his ſtation is happier far,
Than he who his thouſands receives,
And ſtruts in his garter and ſtar.
From gold, care continually flows,
The proverb's been prov'd to a tittle;
Then, boys, let us drink to all thoſe,
Whoſe hearts are content with a little.

SONG V.

On the ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT.

YOUNG Harry, a prince of leſs wiſdom than wealth,
Who long had been given to rove ;
Felt ſomething had wounded his boſom by ſtealth,
And frankly declar'd it was love.

The damſel ſo dext'rouſly acted her part,
That ſhe brought him on terms to agree ;
At the very firſt glance ſhe laid hold of his heart,
And Hymen confirm'd the decree.

G----e frown'd at the match, nay his anger was rais'd,
For he judged him a copy of Ned ;
Would wink at his deeds when he kiſs'd who he pleas'd,
But forbid him his ſight if he wed.

In merry old England there once was a time,
When wedlock was deem'd no unfaſh'nable crime,
And lovers of mirth did in harmony chime ;
And ſung, O the roaſt beef of old England,
O the old Engliſh roaſt beef.

No girdles were us'd nuptial ties to enforce ;
To means ſo unnat'ral they ne'er had recourſe,
And ſcarce in an age heard of any divorce,
But ſung, O the roaſt Beef of old England,
O the old Engliſh roaſt beef.

But times are ſo chang'd that, to ſerve private ends,
By engroſſing of farms and incloſing of lands,
Not a poor man in ten once a month can make friends
To taſte the roaſt beef of old England,
To taſte the old Engliſh roaſt beef.

To promote fornication a bill gains aſſent,
'Tis the S------'s requeſt and the p--------'s grant,
Enacted whilſt thouſands are ſtarving for want
Of the glorious roaſt beef of old England,
The glorious old Engliſh roaſt beef.

What good for the ſubject can e'er be expected,
When pointers and ſpaniels are better protected
Than they by whom all the whole houſe was elected?
Tell me what curs in the kingdom
Devour like the hounds of the ſtate.

Was a monarch like Pruſſia's to guard Engliſh ground,
Where plenty's beſtow'd mis'ry would not abound,
For he'd hang thoſe who dar'd to aſk five-pence a pound
For the glorious roaſt beef of old England,
The glorious old Engliſh roaſt beef.

Were ſome for examples this ſentence to ſhare,
Engroſſers of corn of this fate would beware;
Our loaves would be large and the poor o'er their cheer,
Would ſing, O the roaſt beef of old England,
O the old Engliſh roaſt beef.

SONG

SONG VI.

REGATTA.

WHILST in ſpite of penſion'd pleading,
Diſcord through the land is ſpreading;
Mark what ſcenes of diſſipation
Fire the ſplendid fools of faſhion.

When our liberties are ſinking,
To amuſe and blind th' unthinking---
Raree-ſhows muſt be invented,
Novelties will be frequented.

Fifing, drumming, horns and trumpets,
City dames and common ſtrumpets;
Dukes and draymen, fair ones, tawnies,
And ten thouſand macaronies.

Some on tops of houſes ſcrambling,
All for ſomething curious rambling;
Wager boats their utmoſt trying,
Cannons roaring, ſtreamers flying.

Not a ray from Phœbus beaming,
Ladies at the ſurges ſcreaming,
Seem'd to hint that bluſtering boreas
Beat the waves to aid the chorus.

In their expectations cheated,
From the flood the tars retreated---
Vow'd the farce was mocking nature,
Powder'd ſprigs to dance the water.

Making Thames the ſhrine of folly,
Turn'd old Neptune melancholy;
Commerce at the ſcene was weeping,
Knaves rejoicing, juſtice ſleeping.

SONG VII.

The POPE's Addreſs to his good Friends in *England*.

Tune, *As I was a driving my waggon one day.*

IN Rome's rigid clime when it came to be known,
What England had for the Canadians done;
His holineſs, pleaſ'd at the royal aſſent,
Enraptur'd began thus to praiſe the event.

Could mortal have thought in an *heretic* iſle,
On catholic faith ſuch indulgence would ſmile;
Sure things muſt be chang'd---can it otherwiſe be!
Thoſe who wiſh well to Popery, muſt wiſh well to me.

Not a name, more than George, till of late, I abhorr'd,
But thanks to that *worthy* who tutor'd the Third;
I will lift up my foot, ſhould he come to this place,
And welcome the peer to an hearty embrace.

That power ſuprome which old Hal would not own,
In Britain's dominion again ſhall go down;
The proſpect is good, for the Gunpowder plot,
I'm told through the kingdom is almoſt forgot.

Be

Be joyous my friends, and rejoice ye rank tories,
The p----e that's ſo fond of the Stuarts and Murrays,
The ſcatter'd remains of that tribe muſt hold dear,
Who turn'd tail at Derby when Charly was there.

What could not by open rebellion be gain'd,
By art and intrigue may be quickly obtain'd;
American broils, thanks to people in power,
Afford pleaſing hopes the grand work to inſure.

I have ſent on this buſineſs my emiſſ'ries out,
Some thouſands of jeſuits are on the ſcout;
Thoſe who love the white roſe muſt begin to addreſs,
And fawn upon G-----e tho' they Charley careſs.

My Lancaſhire worthies, and Leiceſterſhire blues,
The will of my agents diſdain to refuſe;
And Coventry lions ſo paſſive are grown,
Unmuzzl'd they follow and bow at the throne.

France and Spain muſt rejoice theſe commotions to ſee,
Nor can tumults like theſe be unpleaſing to me;
Ye Proteſtant pow'rs keep your forces at home,
If England wants help ſhe may have it from Rome.

In counterfeit loyalty ſtill play your parts,
And flatter the man you deſpiſe in your hearts;
Be true at the call, the old cauſe to defend,
And my bleſſing ſhall ever your councils attend.

SONG

SONG VIII.

HARD TIMES.

OLD England, I cannot but pity thy fate,
And think the contentions that trouble the ſtate,
Will ſoon eat the vitals of Freedom away,
And bring this once flouriſhing land to decay.
Sing tantararara, hard times.

The people may mourn when their all is at ſtake,
On our rulers their cries no impreſſion can make;
With formal deluſions each year they go on,
Pretending to ſerve us, yet nothing is done

Tho' Nabobs and Commiſſ'ries roll in their gold,
For infamous deeds ſhall their names be enroll'd;
By ſuch fleecing elves have ſome thouſands been fobb'd,
And innocent Pagans been murder'd and robb'd.

When captains complain that their pay is too ſmall,
Immediate attention our ſenators call;
The plan there's no doubt kind reception will meet,
For nothing miſcarries that's back'd by the great.

Now had the poor ſoldiers from ſixpence per day,
But begg'd for a trifling advance in their pay;
Inſtead of admitting one ſingle doit more,
Their petition at once had been kick'd out of door.

Our ſov-----n well knows that proviſions are dear,
For he can't live of eight hundred thouſand a year;
Yet his beef-eaters tell us he's more ſaving ways,
Than ever were practiſ'd in old George's days.

Tho'

Tho' known to refuſe what his ſubjects have wanted,
Yet aſk what he pleaſes, 'tis inſtantly granted;
And more he muſt have for it plainly appears,
That his cooks and his ſcullions are ſtill in arrears.

Since matters are quite to extremities gone,
Let this truth to the friends of Old England be known,
If the King in the hearts of his ſubjects would reign,
Changing meaſures and men muſt this happineſs gain.

SONG IX.

The ROYAL COMMODORE.

To the tune of *The Queen's aſs.*

YE brave jolly tars, who delight o'er your cheer,
To fighting tranſactions in lending an ear,
Attend while I ſing of the wounds and the ſcars,
That a Commodore met with in Venus's wars.

Of Pocock and Keppel, old ſailors may talk,
Or tell what exploits have been done by a Hawke;
Yet none like our Commodore ever before,
In war or in peace caus'd ſo great an uproar.

The name of a Cumberland once was rever'd,
Becauſe he Bellona's loud thunder ne'er fear'd;
But this is a quite different genius I trow,
For the weapon he fights with is young Cupid's bow.

He often when cruiſing in ſearch of a prize,
Falſe colours will hoiſt by the way of diſguiſe;
Tho' young in commiſſion he ranks of the line,
And to board a ſmall frigate had laid a deſign.

This

This frigate, no matter by whom ſhe was mann'd,
By the Gr--v---r was rigg'd, and lay under command;
Tho' the Commodore lately put in for a ſhare,
And call'd it in rapture his *dear little hair.*

If chance to be caught in a contraband trade, (laid,
Ne'er tells where the choice ſmuggled goods have been
And for letters ſo famous, as ſome people tell,
Thar he'd ſwear by his *Bible* before he cou'd *ſpell.*

One night near the ſhore as at anchor they lay,
Not dreading the fury or foams of the ſea,
A Tender, unlook'd for, ruſh'd into the creek,
Expecting the frigate was ſpringing a leak,

A tempeſt aroſe, drove the veſſels aground, (Pound,
And the Commodore's damage was Ten Thouſand
Yet ſure for the ſake of his Highneſs, the land
Will not ſcruple to pay ſuch a trifling demand.

But, ſirs, if the public muſt pay for the fun,
'Tis fit ſomething more in the cauſe ſhould be done;
On both ſides to get the thing decently cook'd,
Let the Gr---v---r be duk'd, and the Commodore duck'd.

SONG X.

A CALL TO THE BUCKS.

Tune, *Rouze, rouze, brother ſportſman.*

THE duſk of the evening began to appear,
And Phœbus had juſt ſlided under the ſphere;
But as he withdrew, call'd to pleaſure away,
And recompence make for the toils of the day.

The

The ſons of bright humour were pleaſ'd at the hint,
And knew by withdrawing his beams what he meant;
Then ſtrait to the Lodge, for diverſion reſort,
Where Innocence ſmiles when with Freedom we ſport.

We cheriſh the arts, Unanimity prize,
And make it our rule to be merry and wiſe;
From Unity's bands never ſeen to depart,
For Friendſhip is rooted in each jovial heart.

The Gods at Olympia who over their bowls,
Drank bumpers of nectar to gladden their ſouls,
When moiſt'ning their hearts in the fulneſs of glee,
Were never ſo joyous or happy as we.

No politic wrangles on matters of ſtate,
Our paſtime annoy, or diſſentions create;
The prince that once ſaw how our time we employ,
Wou'd barter his crown to partake of the joy.

Ye Worthies attend when the Grand takes the chair,
Ye Foreſters join, and ye Rangers draw near;
May Friendſhip ſubſiſt, and the Bucks' noble band,
A thouſand years hence flouriſh over the land.

SONG XI.

PROROGATION.

HARK, hark, the voice of royalty,
Bids M-----d, N---h, and Double-fee,
Awhile their cares diſpel;
The ſeſſion ends, their work is done,
Our guardians from St. Stephen's run,
Their wond'rous deeds to tell.

Till ſitting could the world have thought,
That hearts with ſo much vengeance fraught,
Our ſ------rs ſhould be;
Feather'd and tarr'd were half the band,
'Tis what ſome thouſands in the land,
Would much rejoice to ſee.

Directed by the Pr-----r's nod,
For him they honour as their God;
His mandate is their guide;
And to his will implicitly,
Like ſervile tools they bend the knee,
To get their wants ſupply'd.

Of greateſt ills the land to purge,
And be to knaves a bitter ſcourge,
This cure I recommend;
On Temple Bar with utmoſt ſpeed,
On heads a public lecture read,
And all our broils will end.

SONG XII.

BUNKER's HILL, or the *Soldier's Lamentation.*

Tune, *The muffled Bells of Bow and Bride.*

I AM a jolly ſoldier,
Enliſted years ago,
To ſerve my king and country,
Againſt the common foe.
But when acroſs th' Atlantic
My orders were to go,

I griev'd

I griev'd to think that Engliſh hearts,
Should draw their ſwords on thoſe
Who fought and conquer'd by their ſide,
When Frenchmen were their foes.

In drubbing French and Spaniards,
A ſoldier takes delight,
But troops coop'd up in Boſton,
Are in ſo ſad a plight,
That many think their ſtomachs more
Inclin'd to eat than fight,
And like us would be loth to ſtir;
For ev'ry vet'ran knows,
We fought and conquer'd ſide by ſide,
When Frenchmen were our foes.

'Twas on the ſeventeenth of June,
I can't forget the day,
The flower of our army
For Charles Town ſail'd away.
The town was ſoon in aſhes laid,
When bombs began to play:
But oh! the cruel ſcene to paint,
It makes my blood run chill,
Pray heaven grant I never more,
May climb up Bunker's Hill.

America to frighten,
The tools of power ſtrove,
But miniſters are cheated,
Their ſchemes abortive prove.
The men they told us would not fight,
Are to the combat drove,

And to our gallant officers,
It prov'd a bitter pill,
For numbers dropt before they reach'd
The top of Bunker's Hill.

I ſhould not be amaz'd to hear
Wolfe's ghoſt had left the ſhades,
To check that ſhameful bloody work,
Which England's crown degrades.
The lads who ſcorn to turn their backs,
On Gallia's beſt brigades,
Undaunted ſtood but frankly own,
They better had lain ſtill,
Than ſuch a dear-bought victory gain,
As that of Bunker's Hill.

Did they who bloody meaſures crave,
Our toil and danger ſhare,
Not one to face the Rifle-Men,
A ſecond time would dare.
Ye Britons who your country love,
Be this your ardent pray'r:
To Britain and her colonies,
May peace be ſoon reſtor'd,
And knaves of high and low degree,
Be *deſtin'd to the cord.*

SONG XIII.

INLAND NAVIGATION.

Tune, *Marquis of Granby.*

'TWAS juſt at the time when in ſorrowful ſtrain,
Old England was grievouſly groaning;
Her natives in ſadneſs to add to the ſcene,
The loſs of their trade were bemoaning:
To give ſome redreſs, in this age of diſtreſs,
Some worthies (tho' ſcarce in this nation)
As a ſcheme that might tend, to a fav'rable end,
Were reſolv'd to promote Navigation.
Tol lol, &c.

The lovers of commerce will freely combine,
Without any kind of evaſion,
To ſtrengthen ſo noble and brave a deſign,
And gladly embrace the occaſion:
Not a Briton that knows, what opulence flows
From this art, but with free approbation,
And ſpirit alert will his int'reſt exert,
To ſupport and extend Navigation.

'Tis this makes our iſle in the eyes of the world,
A bulwark of terror and wonder;
What ſtate when our ſhipping their ſails have unfurl'd
But quickly is ſeen to knock under?
In war or in peace all traffick would ceaſe,
Was it not for a free Navigation;
'Tis of riches the ſource, when ſuch plans we enforce,
And of freedom our beſt preſervation.

In

In Lancaſhire view what a laudable plan,
Is brought into fine execution,
By Bridgewater's duke; let us copy the man,
And ſtand to a good reſolution:
If the waters of Trent with the Severn have vent,
What mortal can have an objection?
So they do not proceed to cut into the Tweed,
With the Scots to have greater connection.

To the land what advantages then will proceed,
As ſoon as we've open'd our ſluices;
Our cattle, and even the ground where they feed,
Will be turn'd into far better uſes:
Our commerce will thrive, and the arts will revive,
Which are now in a ſad ſituation,
If we follow this notion, from ocean to ocean,
To have a compleat Navigation.

SONG XIV.

THE GAMBLERS.

Tune, *A pilgrim blithe and jolly.*

YE gambling vile banditti!
Of ev'ry town and city,
Whoſe hearts deſerve no pity,
When all your pelf is gone;
Weigh the matter fairly,
In your boſom clearly,
Reaſon muſt ſeverely,
Condemn you every one.

The

The conduct you're purſuing,
'Tis known has been the ruin,
And abſolute undoing
Of thouſands in the land;
Then from your kings and aces,
Which mankind diſgraces,
Hither turn your faces,
And join the jovial band.

The convict under ſentence,
Of life that's no dependance,
When brought to true repentance,
Is often heard to ſay,
Friends, by me be hence taught,
Look at my diſtreſſ'd lot,
Gaming 'twas on me brought
Shame and poverty.

How hurtful to the nation!
That this pernicious paſſion,
Should be the reigning faſhion,
Which Britons ſo degrade?
Cards, my boys, forſake 'em,
Neither cut nor ſhake 'em,
Bid the devil take 'em,
And renounce the trade.

SONG XV.

THE TIMES.

'TIS a ſhame to the land, and a curſed vexation,
That things of all kinds are ſo dear in the nation,
Sure Britons had never more cauſe for complaining,
Of thoſe who the growth of our country are draining:
How ſhocking it is, that the poor ſhould have reaſon,
To murmur for want in a plentiful ſeaſon.

Thoſe lurking ingroſſers, foreſtallers, regrators,
By underhand dealings inſult the fair traders;
In nothing they ſtick at, to pinch us and grind us,
Of that which for nouriſhment nature deſign'd us:
Theſe griping oppreſſors the peſt of creation,
Of life's main ſupport baſely ſap the foundation.

But what on this ſubject demands obſervation,
So much as the landed eſtates of this nation?
Our great-ones to add to their pomp and their grandeur,
The court to approach in magnificent ſplendour,
Their tenants advance, and the rent muſt be paid ſir,
Or elſe faſt in priſon the farmer is laid, ſir.

When ſuch like remarks are no idle romances,
No wonder the price of proviſion advances;
What adds to this grievance which Britain oppreſſes,
Too plainly we ſee that our commerce decreaſes:
For ſince theſe diſaſters have ſorely befel us,
In merchandize all other ſtates under-ſell us.

In

In this ſad lamentable ſtarving condition,
Depriv'd of our trade and diſtreſs'd for proviſion,
Old England bemoans and condemns thoſe who rule us,
For they are the people who ſhamefully fool us;
By modes of taxation they fleece us and ſtamp us,
So hard their oppreſſions eternally cramp us.

SONG XVI.

BIRMINGHAM BEER.

Tune, *Ye prigs who are troubled with conſcience's qualms.*

YE mortals who never in all your wild trips,
With good humming liquor ſaluted your lips,
Attend to my ſonnet, ye ſtrangers to cheer,
The pleaſure I ſing of is Birmingham Beer.
'Tis here the Salutis of life may be found,
For merchants who traverſe the kingdom around,
Declare on their circuit from Thames to the Tweed,
That nothing can Birmingham Stingo exceed.

I grant that fair Nottingham once bore the belle,
But now to the joy of mechanicks can tell
The art is diſcover'd, who daily we ſee
Enjoying the comfort in jocular glee:
It baniſhes care, and removes all our ills,
To ſip at the Fountain, or tipple at G--lls.
Then here ye ſtaunch topers I beg you'd repair,
If wont of the choiceſt of liquor to ſhare.

Our true orthodox from the barrel freſh come,
Throws the tankard lid up by the ſtrength of the foam,
This

This ſtrike-fire of nature, prepar'd right the doſe,
Enlivens or lulls us to gentle repoſe;
'Tis the ſpur to invention, a balm that imparts
The cauſe that promotes and inſpires us to arts;
Then who would not wiſh to partake of the juice,
When hearing what feats it is known to produce.

Let others in vain boaſt of different places,
But where can they turn out ſuch plump ruddy faces?
Such free jovial fellows, with cheeks red as roſes,
Who ſwim in October to raddle their noſes.
Ye beer-drinking ſouls who your ſorrows would drown,
That dwell miles a hundred or more from the town,
'Tis well worth your notice amongſt us to ſteer,
If only to taſte of ſtout Birmingham Beer.

SONG XVII.

THE PATAGONIANS.

Tune, *The ſun was in the firmament.*

'TWAS when the times were peaceable,
And all the ſtates lay quiet,
When Britiſh boys had ſheath'd their ſwords,
Nor fear'd tumultuous riot,
As war was ended, 'twas reſolv'd,
From horrid devaſtation!
To ſpare no pains in ſeeking means,
That might recruit the nation.

The Dolphin then commiſſion'd was,
As all the journals mention,

A noble

A noble frigate ſtoutly mann'd,
To anſwer the intention;
Columbus like, the commodore,
(Nor think the tale romantic)
Was fix'd in mind, freſh land to find,
So croſſ'd the vaſt Atlantic.

The ſouthern cape they brought to view,
And plow'd that briny ocean;
In whoſe extent their grand deſign,
Has prov'd no fruitleſs notion;
For if on what the papers ſay,
We place the leaſt reliance,
The Commodore eſpy'd the ſhore,
Where dwell a tribe of giants.

Five hundred monſters, nine feet high,
Were on the coaſt aſſembled;
To ſee this ſtrange uncommon ſight,
Lord, how the ſailors trembled!
The females too expoſ'd to view,
Were prodigies in nature!
And babes in troth, of nine months growth,
A yard and half in ſtature!

But nothing did the tars ſo fright,
Or ſeem ſo much uncommon,
As ſeeing to ſuch open view,
The nakedneſs of woman;
How vaſtly laviſh nature is,
So great each female's ſhare is,
No judge's wig is half ſo big,
As one of their ſalar--s.

As ſoon as to the Britiſh land
  Theſe tidings were brought over,
And whiſper'd what ſurprizing things,
  The ſailors did diſcover,
Some luſtful Covent-Garden nymphs,
  That thither they might go, ſirs,
Like Hannah Snell reſolv'd to ſell,
  Their petticoats for trowzers.

Now ſhould they on their cruize ſucceed,
  And breed ſome young Goliahs,
The French will ne'er inſult us more,
  Nor offer to annoy us;
For one of theſe gigantic ſouls,
  Will make a thouſand tremble,
And throw a town as eaſy down,
  As Sampſon did the temple.

And ſhould they chance to bring to court
  One of theſe mighty creatures,
What crouds of people would reſort
  To view his brawny features;
Of fav'rites 'twould a greater be,
  Than any northern croney,
Aſs, elephant, or Cherokee,
  The little mare, or poney.

SONG XVIII.

The BROMWICH MASQUERADE.

TALK no more of vain romances,
  Playhouſe ſongs, or country dances;
'Mongſt the gentry of the nation
Maſquerading's all in faſhion.

At

At Bromwich t' other day the ſplendor
Truly did amazement render!
Gods and goddeſſes advancing!
And the little Cupids dancing.

Characters of various nations,
Shone in ſplendid imitations;
Some look'd bold and fierce as dragons,
Some like Turks, and ſome like Pagans.

With the ſpoils of India garniſh'd,
View the Nabob richly harneſs'd;
Sparkling diamonds in his plumage,
When he join'd the dance at Bromwich.

But where's the nymph that's half ſo clever
As Diana with her quiver?
Of the train the faireſt flower,
To whom Venus yields her power.

Mark! how each ſpectator traces
Vulcan's ſons with iron faces;
Like the tars that ſeek promotion,
Look'd as tho' they'd brav'd the ocean.

Next obſerve the fam'd ph——n,
Hermit like, commence magician;
Sure the judgment muſt be ſterling,
Of the deep ſagacious Merlin.

When conjurers can jig and caper,
Bluſter, ſwell, look big, and vapour;
Punch, the prince of merry fellows,
Of ſuch doings muſt be jealous.

SONG

SONG XIX.

The CANNIBALS,

Or, The DIVISION *of* POLAND.

THREE ravenous creatures,
Of grim furly features,
Agreed a poor pheaſant to ſhare;
Firſt an eagle appear'd,
Then a vulture uprear'd,
And the third was a rugged ſhe bear.

All around long have ſeen
That the eagle has been
Ever watchful and keen after prey;
And to add to his power,
Would not fail to devour
Any creature that came in his way.

The pheaſant well knew
What his foes had in view;
But the bear is a monſter in ſize!
And had the poor bird,
To oppoſe them e'er ſtir'd,
The old brutes would have tore out his eyes.

By the vulture no kind
Of objections we find,
For ſtripping his neighbour was ſhewn;
And tho' barb'rous the deed,
Judg'd the way to proceed,
By main force was to pinion him down.

To this maxim the bear
Lent a true ſavage ear;
And the better to finiſh the work,
As an artful fineſſe,
Of inſuring ſucceſs,
Condeſcends to make peace with the Turk.

The deſirable end,
Is their pow'r to extend,
Yet they cannot their jealouſies ſmother;
Tho' friends for awhile,
When dividing the ſpoil,
'Tis odds they fall foul on each other.

The Gallic cock ſaw
Bruin lift up her paw;
Nay, ſome at her ſilence make wonder!
And ſay, was he fit
To turn into the pit,
That he'd fight or go ſnacks in the plunder.

'Twas near a brook ſide,
That the pheaſant eſpy'd
A lion luxurioufly feeding;
To whom his diſtreſs
Serv'd alone to expreſs,
That his wants for aſſiſtance were pleading.

Humanity bled
When the vile plot was laid,
And the bird, full of grief, weeping ſat;
This the lion diſcern'd,
But ſeem'd no more concern'd,
Than if worrying a Hanover rat.

Would the lion arouſe,
His hard caſe to eſpouſe,
And his tars to the Baltic advance;
When once ſally'd forth,
'Twould alarm all the North,
And the bear would be taught a new dance.

But ne'er in the field,
Till the cock is well heel'd,
Can the wings of the eagle be clip'd;
And e'er this comes to bear,
The Engliſh, I fear,
Like the Poles, of their rights will be ſtrip'd.

The king thus abus'd,
Of no crime is accus'd;
Yet to cruſh him they pour forth their legions:
For which they muſt rue,
If the de'il has due,
And be ſent to his bottomleſs regions.

SONG XX.

The CAMP.

Tune, *Puſh about the briſk bowl.*

WHO has e'er been at Camp, muſt admit without doubt,
That for more than a mile the town round,
For gardens ſo gay, and for liquor ſo ſtout,
Not its equal can fairly be found.

To

To ſit in the boxes juſt fronting the eaſt,
From the fields what ſweet pleaſures ariſe!
The bounties of nature are amply expreſt,
By the proſpect that faces our eyes.

But caſt your eyes down, and behold, what a ſtring
Of flowers, in beautiful hue!
Each month in the ſeaſon freſh ornaments ſpring,
All fragrant and pleaſing to view.

When the green plat we tread, 'tis a proſpect we prize,
Yon manſion to have at command;
To ſee that our artiſts in ſplendour can riſe,
To rival the beſt of the land.

The gods of the Greeks in Olympian bowers,
When feaſting in jocular glee;
The nectar they drank was no better than ours,
Nor the deities happier than we

From the town to the Camp, thus awhile we adjourn,
And ſociable pleaſures obtain;
Then back in the cloſe of the evening return,
From the Camp to the town boys again.

SONG XXI.

The STATE JOCKEYS.

Tune, *Shawnbree.*

YE lads who delight in a whip and a ſpur,
And love o'er the Beacon to jerk it;
Whoſe principal pleaſure in ſeaſon is for
A horſe and away to Newmarket:

I crave on your patience a moment to reſt,
For truly my principal aim is
To ſing of State Jockeys, the greateſt and beſt,
That run on the courſe at St. James's.

Tol, lol, &c

Britain's late ſovereign kept an old groom,
Who rode many heats for his maſter;
Known by the title of Newcaſtle Tom,
And very few rode any faſter;
But Weſt-country Billy, a dexterous lad,
An excellent rider was counted,
Many declar'd him the beſt the king had,
Or on the Britannia mounted.

Tom to his colours was ſtedfaſtly true,
Always in Orange was ſhining,
Billy moſt commonly put on the Blue,
Yet made uſe of Green for his lining;
And when the Old Governor pick'd o'er the perch,
There preſently roſe a diſſention,
Tom on a ſudden was left in the lurch,
But Billy procur'd him a penſion.

Years after years had Old Thomas till now,
Rode the fam'd Hanover hunter;
At length he unluckily fell in a ſlough,
And d---n'd the falſe jade for a bunter:
Starting againſt a North-country lad,
The old fellow met with a joſtle;
Orange was fairly ſubdued by the Plaid,
Who vanquiſh'd the famous Newcaſtle.

Now

Now ſince the Scots o'er the Engliſh can boaſt,
In places of rank and promotion,
The veteran whigs have been tumbled and toſs'd,
Like ſhips on the wide watry ocean;
Bold Cavendiſh mounted his Derbyſhire nag,
And haſted away from the court, ſir,
Peter the poſtman who carried the bag,
Took his farewel of the ſport, ſir.

A few years ago not a Plaid was there ſeen,
Or known to belong to this party,
Every one rode in Orange or Green,
And ſworn in the cauſe to be hearty;
But things are ſo chang'd ſince the year forty-five,
Nor will it admit a denial,
That they who were then deem'd the diſloyal'ſt men,
Are now rank'd amongſt the moſt loyal.
Tol lol, &c.

SONG XXII.

On a PLAY-HOUSE *being turned into a* METHODIST MEETING-HOUSE.

I Sing not of battles, nor ſing of the ſtate,
But a ſtrang metamorphoſe that's happen'd of late,
Which if the comedians of London ſhould hear,
Who knows----it may put the whole body in fear.
Derry down, &c.

Where dancing and tumbling have many times been,
And plays of all kinds by large audiences ſeen;
Theſe wicked diverſions are not to be more,
Poor Shakeſpear is buffetted out of the door.

The ſtory is true, tho' the tale it is ſtrange,
And people might well be alarm'd at the change;
Inſtead of a Dryden, a Johnſon, or Lee,
You nothing but pureſt devotion can ſee.

Behold, where the ſons of good humour appear'd,
The ſcenes are thrown down, and a pulpit is rear'd;
The boxes on each ſide converted to pews,
And the pit all around nought but gravity ſhews.

The muſic's ſweet ſound, which enliven'd the mind,
Is turn'd into that of a different kind;
No comic burletta, or French rigadoon,
But all join together, and chant a pſalm tune.

When told that fam'd W--l--y appear'd on the ſtage,
The grave ones began to reflect on the age;
But thoſe in the ſecret approv'd of the caſe,
For 'twas done to drive Satan away from the place.

If thorough the land this example ſhould take,
A ſtrange reformation it ſurely would make;
All writings dramatic would certainly ceaſe,
If Covent' and Drury ſhould catch the diſeaſe.

Derry down, &c.

SONG XXIII.

The DEFAULTER's RETREAT.

YE hunters ſo bold, who delight in a chace,
Nor dread leaping rivers or rocks;
Attend, whilſt in ſong I endeavour to trace
The retreat of a cunning old Fox,

My brave boys.

The

The Liv'ry of London, with joy be it told,
Unkennel'd this crafty old *Ren* ;
They ruffled his bruſh, and purſu'd him ſo bold,
That he fled fairly over the main.

Tho' to France the defaulter for ſafety may go,
'Tis odds, for the wrongs he has done,
If the huntſmen who rouz'd him, but cry Tally'o
For his life he will cloſely be run.

Long time on the plains of fair Albion he rang'd,
And fed on the ſweets of the ſoil ;
But now the deceiver his climate has chang'd,
And our foes they partake of his ſpoil.

Since London the noble example has ſet,
O let not the ſeaſon ſlip by ;
Unite in the hunt, and ſucceſs you will meet,
Such a cauſe never ſuffer to die.

The courſers of Yorkſhire are ready we find,
The worthy Sir George leads the van,
And the Devonſhire lads for the ſport are inclin'd,
For the doctor has drawn out the plan.

Shall Warwickſhire hunters in ſlackneſs be found,
And not the occaſion embrace?
Our fathers of old would have tore up the ground !
E'er they'd lag in ſo noble a chace.

Ye counties around, at the call make no ſtand,
Like Britons your courage diſplay ;
And chaſe the ſtate vermin quite out of the land,
That aim on its vitals to prey.

SONG XXIV.

The WARWICKSHIRE MILITIA.

Written in the Year 1761.

Tune, *The glorious firſt of Auguſt.*

STRIKE up the ſong, my jovial lads,
In ſtrains both loud and noble!
For what have we from foes to fear,
Invaſion's all a bubble;
Not all the power of France and Spain,
One foot of Britiſh land ſhall gain,
For love and courage ſtill remain
In England's brave Militia.

No ſooner were the tidings ſpread,
That many counties round us,
Were arm'd for king and country's right,
In readineſs they found us:
Heedleſs of danger, life, or toil,
Warwickſhire boys, to guard their iſle,
Ran from the plough, the loom, and file,
To join the brave Militia.

What can thoſe counties have to ſay,
Who ſeem ſo ſlack in joining?
How great would Britain's bulwark be,
Were all the ſhires combining;
The noble conqueſts we enjoy,
To this day might unconquer'd lie,
Had not our coaſts been guarded by
Old England's brave Militia.

SONG

SONG XXV.

The KING *of* DENMARK's *Arrival.*

Tune, *Stick a pin there.*

YE mortals ſo fond of the baubles of ſtate,
Who flock to St. James's, to gaze at the great;
Quit, quit your abodes, and to Dover advance,
To ſee the fine ſhow that is coming from France.

How anxious the nobles to welcome the Dane,
How joyous the people, how brilliant the train!
Old and young of each ſex are much pleas'd at the thing,
And ſtand upon tiptoes to look at the king.

No doubt at this young northern monarch to peep,
The people of England ſome pleaſure muſt reap;
Who ſeem full as fond, if the truth was made known,
Of ſeeing this prince, as of ſeeing their own.

Away then, ye Britons, for ſure ſuch a ſight,
To all Engliſh hearts muſt afford much delight;
But ſay, how can Scotland unite in this dance,
When told that their darling is gone o'er to France.

Tho' Scotland's in tears while the fav'rite's away,
The French, there's no doubt on't, will welcome his ſtay;
And muſt be as pleas'd at the ſight of the Thane,
As Engliſhmen can be in ſeeing the Dane.

The South part of France, as phyſicians adviſe,
For weak conſtitutions agreeably lies;
Yet if credit be given to popular tales,
The beſt clime for Scots is the middle of Wales.

But tell me which beſt will an Engliſhman ſuit,
The ſight of a king, or the loſs of a B--e ?
The court may ſeem pleas'd with the coming of one,
And the country rejoice that the other is gone.

The prince that is affable, courteous, and free,
Will receive a kind welcome from ev'ry degree ;
Yet methinks at St. James's, what's wanted the moſt,
Is ſomething reſembling old Oliver's ghoſt.

SONG XXVI.

The KING *of* DENMARK's *Maſquerade.*

IN this bleſſed land of plenty,
Denmark's king, (not paſſing twenty)
Gives a courtly invitation
To the firſt of rank and faſhion.

Whitfield's emblem firſt draws near ;
By his ſide a dancing bear ;
Next the ſweep ſoot-o advances,
And with duke and devil dances.

Witches with their ſable faces,
Dominos, and Perſian dreſſes,
Turk and tartar, jew and quaker,
Phyſic, law, and undertaker.

Here Venus and young Cupid ramble,
And indulge in am'rous gambol ;
Whilſt the ---, who nothing utters,
Plays at bo-peep 'tween the ſhutters.

Bedford's

Bedford's Duke who can but pity,
Loſing of his box ſo pretty;
Pitt amongſt his boxes never
Had a thing ſo neat and clever.

Who could have the brazen face to
Serve his good peace-making Grace ſo;
Years ago ſome ſcoundrel drub'd him,
Now ſome plaguy thief has rob'd him.

SONG XXVII.

THE FISHERMEN.

Tune, *Shawnbree.*

THE true jolly anglers of ev'ry degree,
Who fond of ſuch innocent ſporting,
Are ſeen on the banks of the Trent or the Dee,
The finny tribe artfully courting;
In ſearch of their paſtime are many times ſure,
Joy to find in a little excurſion:
But thoſe who go out the wide ocean to ſcour,
Are certain of nobler diverſion.

The tars of old England are ſtout fiſhermen,
For this I will give you good reaſon;
They plow the ſeas over, again and again,
In every weather and ſeaſon:
They fiſh not for carp, for perch, nor for tench,
Such ſmall ware they not at all mind 'em,
But in bays, lakes, and creeks, they lay out for the [French.
And take 'em wherever they find 'em.

There's

There's Pocock---who but a few years to look back,
Near the mouth of the Ganges was rolling,
But being inclin'd to lay hold of a jack,
To the oppoſite Indies went trolling;
His tackle was ſtout, and good his deſign,
And he well executed his plan-ah;
For twelve of the line, he enthrawl'd in his twine,
That were bobbing about the Havannah.

Such fondneſs for fiſhing is known to ariſe,
Such hopes of ſweet pleaſures renewing;
The thorough-bred angler who feaſts on the joys,
Is daily the practice purſuing;
With his rod in his hand, all the day he will ſtand,
Ev'ry move of the flote cloſely watching;
Nor cares who comes nigh, to partake of his fry,
So he has but the pleaſure of catching.

At Edgbaſton pool which but lately was fiſh'd,
The carp were ſo plump and ſo nice, Sir,
Our jolly young fiſhmongers had what they wiſh'd,
I mean in reſpect to the price, Sir.
George R---k, when he found they were 12d a pound,
Beſide the ſly trick of the baſket,
Grew angry, and ſwore he the trade muſt give o'er,
For he had'nt the conſcience to aſk it.

SONG XXVIII.

NEWS FROM ELYSIUM.

IN Elyſium by lateſt of tidings that came,
Some immortals enroll'd on the records of fame;
Were aſſembled each others opinion to know,
On a ſubject that turn'd upon mortals below.

How

How things went in England they ſeem'd much concern'd
For ſuch like intelligence oftentimes burn'd;
And whilſt they were wiſhing for news to tranſpire,
Arriv'd honeſt Beckford to eaſe their deſire.

Old George as their preſident fill'd up the chair,
The Pelhams ſat liſtening, and Granville was there;
Duke William this council was call'd to attend,
Than whom, Britain ne'er had a more ſincere friend.

He briefly related what ſteps had been ta'en,
How petitions, remonſtrances, all were in vain;
And told what reply he had made to the king,
Which in ſhouts of applauſe made the regions to ring.

In greateſt aſtoniſhment, ſorrow, and wonder,
They heard what affliction the nation was under;
Nay George when he found what his grandſon was at,
Grew ſo vext, that he could not help *kicking his hat.*

When to drop the diſcourſe they had judg'd it moſt fit,
And their fancies were bent upon humour and wit;
Large bowls were brought in ſocial mirth to diſplay,
For they love when they meet to be jolly and gay,

To the worthies of England they chearfully fill'd,
Wiſh'd the land better ſenators quickly might yield;
For the ſubjects they knew, if no wrongs ſtain'd the land,
The prince their affections might always command.

To Camden the toaſt with much pleaſure went round,
With what greater honours can mortals be crown'd;
To Chatham and likewiſe his patriot brother,
But never once drank to the ----- or his mother.

SONG

SONG XXIX.

THE OLD KING's GHOST.

Tune, *Teague's ramble to London.*

THE clock had ſtruck twelve, old Morpheus's hour,
Who half the globe over aſſumes his dark pow'r.
All diſmal and gloomy the heav'ns appear'd,
And nothing but howling of dogs was there heard;
When lo! on a ſudden acroſs palace yard,
A ſpectre that terribly frighten'd the guard;
Advanc'd within reach of his majeſty's ear.
Who was wak'd by a dream that his grandſire was near.

Start not that I come, for my bones could not lie
At reſt when the groans of this land pierce the Sky!
To warn you thoſe infamous people to ſhun,
Who near to deſtruction this kingdom have run.
England never appear'd with a guardian more bleſt,
Than when in my grave I was firſt laid to reſt,
But oh! what a horrible change has took place!
To the ſhame of the cr—n, and the nation's diſgrace.

How dare you at council permit to appear,
The men whom you know I forbid to come there?
Why remov'd are my old ſteady friends from the ſtate,
For thoſe whom your ſubjects exceſſively hate?
Can they be forgotten who would have laid down,
Their lives in defence of the rights of your crown?
Newcaſtle to me broken-hearted appear'd,
Or I from the ſhades in this form had not ſteer'd.

Is not the whole kingdom aſtoniſh'd to find,
A deſcendant from Brunſwick ſo ſtubborn in mind?

Running

Running counter to thoſe very actions that gain'd,
The love of all hearts when your anceſtors reign'd;
A ſtar-chamber court in theſe days to erect,
Is a grievance that Britons could never expect;
But mark what I ſay, of the danger beware!
For Engliſhmen no ſuch oppreſſions will bear.

Be cautious! for fear you ſhould ſplit on that rock,
Which brought the unfortunate Charles to the -----.
If fawning addreſſes the throne could ſecure,
James the ſecond would never have fled from the ſhore,
By marks of falſe loyalty, pomp, and parade,
And wicked advice be no longer betray'd,
Let the voice of the people your notice excite,
And make their affection your guardian delight.

Your uncle, when living, adviſ'd like a friend,
For meaſures that would to your happineſs tend;
Dear man, how he ſtudied his country's good,
But how little, alas! you've his maxims purſu'd;
Inſtead of affording your ſubjects redreſs,
In aſpect unkind you forbid them acceſs;
And why treat your brothers with cruel diſdain,
When murd'res and ſ--d--m--t--s pardon obtain.

I leave you to gueſs what a dread conſternation,
The ----- muſt be in at this expoſtulation!
So ſhock'd at ſo ſtrange and tremendous a ſight,
No anſwer could make, ſo the ghoſt took its flight;
What impreſſion this viſit will have on his mind,
To time I muſt leave to be further defin'd;
Already at court things a gloomineſs wear,
And the Q---- at the fright has miſcarried we hear.

SONG

SONG XXX.

THE JOVIAL COCKER.

Tune, *The jolly angler.*

OF the jovial ſons of game.
Scatter'd o'er the nation,
From the higheſt rank of fame,
To the loweſt ſtation,
None there are,
That can compare,
To cockers for a ſpirit:
Old and young, of the throng,
When they hear, far or near,
Of a fight take a flight,
Free and bold, ſport their gold,
'Mongſt their brethren of the band;
Winning, loſing, ne'er refuſing,
To diſcount a juſt demand,
Whilſt of caſh their pockets ſtand,
Stout enough to bear it.

Not a country ſave our own,
Can ſuch ſort be found in,
But in Britain's iſle alone,
Doth ſuch bloods abound in,
True-bred ſtags,
Like Engliſh lads,
Win the fight, or die, ſir,
If by chance the breed of France,
Mix among our feather'd throng,

Thoſe

Thoſe we lot, for ſpit or pot,
For to feel, the prick of ſteel,
Makes 'em cow'r and turn tail,
Haſting, ſhifting, running, mourning,
Britiſh fowl, boys never fail,
Over French cocks to prevail,
Or to make them fly, ſir,

'Tis a moſt delightful ſight,
On a ſummer morning,
To behold in ſplendor bright,
All in bloom adorning,
Chanticleer,
Devoid of fear.
In pride the world outvying;
Claps his wings, then he ſings,
Now he walks, then he ſtalks,
Turns his head of coral red,
For to hear if any near,
Anſwer to his thrilling ſound,
Cawing, crowing, rutting, ſtrutting,
Braving all his neighbours round,
Combats ſuch as may be found,
On his bound'ry prying.

When the time approaches nigh
That there's ſport enſuing,
For the pit away we fly,
Fancy's will purſuing,
I hold a crown,
Before they're down,
Take of each your liking:
Standers by, loudly cry,
Odds the grey, wins the day,

But

But in a while, the ginger pile,
Foremoſt gets, now the betts,
Turn about from ſide to ſide :
Panting, breathing, bleeding, dying,
There's a conteſt bravely try'd,
Grey was bottom tho' he dy'd,
And a true-bred chicken.

Soon as e'er the battle ends,
From the fight retiring,
All ſit down as jovial friends,
What is more deſiring,
Than to ſee
Quite frank and free
Social mirth combining?
Now we brag, of duck-wing ſtag,
Make a match, ſing a catch,
Drink and ſmoke, paſs a joke,
Then again to the ſame,
Thus the hours glide away,
Gentle, ſimple, wicked, ragged,
All delight to ſport and play,
And their loſings freely pay,
Ne'er at fate repining.

Let the reſt of different ſcenes,
Boaſt their greateſt pleaſure,
Of the turf, or pictur'd queens,
Sporting free their treaſure,
Let them prefer
Inferior
Delights of recreation :
Engliſh blood, ſtaunch and good,
Love to cock, drink, and ſmock,

And reſort, for the ſport,
To and fro, high or low,
Wind about each different ſhire;
Cutting, trimming, heeling, betting,
Care not for what point we bear,
Cockers always meet and fare
With the beſt in faſhion.

SONG XXXI.

BIRMINGHAM LADS.

Tune, *Warwickſhire lad.*

THIS day, for our new Navigation,
We baniſh all cares and vexation;
The ſight of the barges each honeſt heart glads,
And the merrieſt of mortals are Birmingham lads;
Birmingham lads,
Jovial blades,
And the merrieſt of mortals are Birmingham lads.

With rapture all hearts muſt be glowing,
Stamps, preſſes, nor lathes ſhall be going;
The lads to the wharf with their laſſes repair,
And ſmile at the ſtreamers that play in the air,
Play in the air,
Free and fair,
And ſmile at the ſtreamers that play in the air.

Let Stratford's ſons boaſt out of meaſure,
The fruits of their mulberry treaſure:

Such treaſure for once may cauſe jubilee joys,
But riches ſpring daily from Birmingham toys.
Birmingham toys,
All men prize,
But riches ſpring daily from Birmingham toys.

The Thames, Severn, Trent, and the Avon,
Our countrymen frequently rave on;
But none of their neighbours are happier than they,
Who peaceably dwell on the banks of the *Rea*;
Banks of the *Rea*,
Ever gay,
Who peaceably dwell on the banks of the *Rea*.

Not Europe can match us for traffic,
America, Aſia, and Afric':
Of what we invent each partakes of a ſhare,
For the beſt of wrought metals is Birmingham ware.
Birmingham ware,
None ſo rare,
For the beſt of wrought metals is Birmingham ware.

SONG XXXII.

The ARTISTS JUBILEE.

Tune, *Nancy Dawſon.*

YE jovial lads come join with me,
In pleaſing mirth and jollity,
For pleaſure bids us haſte away,
To crown the undertaking:
The ſtrikers from their anvils run,
The founders break their pots, and ſhun
Their toil, to join the glorious fun,
And go a navigating.

From

From break of day till Sol goes down,
Are thouſands flocking from the town,
And joy in every face is ſhewn
Upon this good occaſion!
The grave, the gay, the old, the young;
Nay, cripples, 'mongſt the motley throng,
Go hobbling cheerfully along,
To view the navigation.

Britannia gladly views the ſcene,
By which her ſons much wealth muſt gain,
And cries, let peace and freedom reign,
To bleſs our happy ſtation:
So far from briny lakes to be,
'Twould make old Neptune ſmile to ſee
Such Inland, Engliſh hearts as we,
So fond of navigation.

SONG XXXIII.

THE CONVENTION.

WHEN tidings arriv'd that Port Egmont was gone,
A council was held to judge what ſhould be done,
What method at firſt could more prudent be ta'en,
Than to fit out a fleet this grand place to regain?

Severe was the preſs 'mongſt the ſons of the ocean,
Of admirals and captains how great the promotion!
All fully expecting ere ſpring to ſet ſail,
The Spaniards to drub till they fairly turn tail.

To true Britiſh ſpirit, alas! what a damp,
In a manner ſo ſudden their glory to cramp:
For it ſeems as tho' government ſtops the intention,
By ſigning and ſealing a plaguy convention.

That his catholic liege
Would our prince diſoblige,
As a tale muſt be groundleſs and ſilly,
When the ſpeech from the throne
All the blame lays alone
On his governor Don Buccarelli.

This inſolent Don,
Who the combat begun,
From Buenos Ayres ſet out,
With five hundred ſtrong,
To enforce right or wrong,
And the Engliſh were put to the rout.

As Spain's valiant king,
Never heard of the thing,
Till our meſſenger made known the fact,
So in four months we find
The reſult of his mind
Diſavowing the governor's act.

Untainted and pure,
The good peace to ſecure,
France gives him the kind admonition,
And Spain muſt be right
In deferring the fight,
When his brother is out of condition.

This

This famous tranſaction already makes known,
How *paſſive* the lion of England is grown,
For the contract appears like the peace of Verſailles,
And England is weigh'd in a French pair of ſcales.

Now of war no more be humming,
Ceaſe your fifing and your drumming,
Stop all clamour and contention,
Liſten to this fam'd convention.

Spain a reſpite means to give us,
Think not that ſhe'll e'er deceive us,
Sure we are to find her ſteady,
Till the king of France is ready.

Maſſerano and Franciſco,*
When they meet will dance *al Freſco*,
Whilſt poor England (well may't gripe her)
Is oblig'd to pay the piper.

When the ſtate, from mere pretences,
Put the land to vaſt expences,
Then the humbug farce concludes, ſir,
England pays, tho' Spain intrudes, ſir,

* Franciſco Buccarelli, Governor of Buenos Ayres.

SONG XXXIV.

CLEAR THE HOUSE, *Or, the Ranting Lords.*

YE coffee-houſe cits,
Politicians and wits,
To this tumult pray what can you ſay,

When the lords of the ſtate,
In a wrangling debate,
Were roaring and ranting away?

What our navy could do
Was the queſtion in view;
If for war the proud Spaniard puſh'd on:
Brave Mancheſter roſe,
Who the thing did propoſe,
And cloſe to the point would have gone.

But to argue the caſe,
And the plain truth to trace,
To Impeachments would doubtleſs let looſe;
So turn-about G-----r,
The tool of ſtate power,
On a ſudden cries out, *Clear the houſe.*

When D------h roars out,
To ſpread laughter about,
Who ſo much doth his country diſgrace;
Seems angry and hot,
Yet knows not for what,
And his rivals oft pity his caſe.

Had this bluſtering Peer
Kept within his own ſphere,
Nor with ſtate affairs troubled his mind,
The bluff courtly bully
In Warwickſhire truly
'Mongſt beagles and bloods might have ſhin'd.

In the ſtar-chamber court,
With our freedom to ſport,
Sits a Jeff'ries in will and in power,
Indictments to draw,
And to conſtrue the law
As will beſt his own purpoſe inſure.

On the crown what a ſtain,
In a Britiſh king's reign,
If the truth we may dare to impart;
That a Northern bred Murray
Should Engliſhmen worry,
The rankeſt of rebels at heart.

When call'd to ſupport
Any meaſures of court,
Who ſo willing as Pomf--t to come?
'Tis known that his head
Has run much about lead,
But it proves nothing more than the ſcum.

At a late reſignation,
To fill up the ſtation,
When Sand---h was call'd to the board,
Old Belzebub ſmil'd
To ſee his own child
On a ſudden ſo highly prefer'd.

Were ſome worthies away,
Would not ſome people pray
For a ſecond Guy Faux's fly peep?
Or in *clearing* the room,
For an *Oliver*'s *broom*,
Such as once made a general ſweep.

SONG XXXV.

A DIALOGUE.

Tune, *Puſh about the briſk bowl.*

TO judge at this criſis which England's the beſt,
This tott'ring old ſtate or the new;
To this ſtory attend; 'tis not meant as a jeſt,
But believe me, concerns not a few.

To a Briton engag'd in diſpute t'other day,
An American made this reply:
Thoſe men whoſe miſdeeds will your country betray,
Are the men whom we boldly defy.

The fruits of America ſtill we'll enjoy,
Thoſe fruits, which as Freemen we prize,
Nor will with imperious mandates comply,
Nor ſubmit to that monſter Exciſe.

I grant ev'ry mortal in freedom delights,
Yet thoſe powers which your greatneſs did raiſe,
That protected your lives and defended your rights,
Sure in taxing may do as they pleaſe.

As our blood and our treaſure were laviſh'd away,
To prevent the encroachments of France;
Pray why ſhould you grumble thoſe levies to pay,
Which we in proportion advance.

Then the Coloniſt frown'd in the wrangling debate,
And reply'd as in anger he wax'd;
Ye Britons have always been fool'd by your State,
But Americans ſcorn to be tax'd.

You're

You're tax'd in your lights, and how ſhocking to think!
That you two-pence muſt pay to the K-----,
For ev'ry twelve penn'worth of ſtingo you drink,
Which by Bacchus I ſwear's not the thing.

Now if you in peace, eaſe, and ſafety would live,
Sail o'er the wide ocean with me;
There America yields what Old England can't give;
The bleſſings of true Liberty.

SONG XXXVI.

THE HUM.

PUSH about the briſk bowl, and let pleaſure abound,
Nor let us ſit longer hum-drum;
For all the world over good proof may be found,
That life is no more than a Hum.

Mankind are all hummers in various degrees,
Whate'er their pretenſions may be;
The whole of th' nation are humm'd by taxation,
Tho' Britons are ſaid to be free.

The patriot loud againſt placemen will rail,
Till a placeman himſelf he's become;
Then what does his talk for the kingdom avail,
In troth, 'tis no more than a Hum.

In a full-bottom'd caxon wrapt round his grave pate,
To his patient the Doctor will come,
Pretends his preſcription freſh health will create,
Till death proves his practice a hum.

The

The Lawyer will frequently traverſe a ſuit,
When he knows it will add to the ſum;
Delays and removes to his pocket will boot,
But the client finds all is a hum.

High perch'd in the roſtrum the Parſon will bawl,
With a voice thundering loud as a drum,
Declares he'll inſtruct and enlighten us all,
But faith it turns out a mere hum.

The poets they hum us by dint of the pen,
The players with flattering talk;
But amongſt all theſe hummers, not one out of ten
Hum ſo oft as the landlord with chalk.

When we ring for the drawer his reck'ning to find,
Now will not the humour be rum,
To hop ſlily off, leaving notice behind,
That we'd clear off the ſcore with a hum.

SONG XXXVII.

THE STATESMEN.

Tune, *The ſun was in the firmament.*

AMONGST the rulers of the ſtate,
Howe'er ſo great their ſtation,
Appointed by our ſovereign
To give adminiſtration;
Say, where's the man in all the band
Whoſe principle is willing
To ſerve, with zeal, his country's weal,
Without a fee or feeling? When

When Walpole in the ſaddle got,
He ſtuck ſo faſt and cloſe, Sir,
Full twenty years he held the reins,
Before he e'er let looſe, ſir.
Tho' envious minds in faction grew,
Who plots were daily brewing,
And all the din, was, Bob of Lynn
Will bring this lad to ruin.

'Twas iu the year of Forty-two
Things warmly were diſputed,
Sir Robert's deſtiny was come,
The Chancellor was routed:
Long time his foes, when noiſe aroſe,
About St. Stephen's dodg'd him;
But George, to ſcreen him from his foes,
Within the Sanctum lodg'd him.

To fill the ſudden vacancies
Is now the point to mention;
For Pultney ſwore he'd not accept
Of either place or penſion;
An odd expedient took effect,
'Twas ſaid when in his wrath, ſir.
And therefore he would eaſy be,
If call'd great Earl of Bath, ſir,

And here behold a wond'rous change!
The mighty motion-maker,
At one good leap he ſuddenly
Jump'd into the Exchequer:
And there he ſat to ſhew the land,
His noiſe was all a bubble,
Till by decree of Ombersley,
He came both great and noble.

Then

Then next among theſe ſenators,
To tell you of another,
That favour got to be extoll'd,
'Twas great Newcaſtle's brother;
His cards he play'd ſo well to gain
His ſovereign's approbation,
And no demurs or factious jars,
Could move him from his ſtation.

'Twas at this juncture roſe the cry,
The white horſe of Hanover
Is bridled with a Pelham bitt,
Which raiſ'd a little pother;
But Harry heeded not a ruſh,
The popular diſpleaſure,
Who factious grew, and call'd him Jew,
Whilſt he finger'd the treaſure.

But fatal death ſnatch'd Pelham off
From all his pride and glory:
A ſubtile Fox well known at court,
Comes next within my ſtory.
Our ill ſucceſs in war brought on
Great murmuring in the nation,
Minorca's gone, were all undone,
By this adminiſtration.

To ſhift and change again they went,
And try'd a different party,
To try the patriots that were for
The conſtitution hearty.
Then, in came Pitt, who ſtrongly vow'd
No continental meaſure,
Should draw us o'er on German ſhore,
To ſpend our blood and treaſure.

The populace were in a flame
At ſuch a reſolution,
The London common-council met,
To thank him for his motion;
The country copied the deſign,
And followed in rotation;
So quickly he, was honour'd free
Of each fam'd corporation.

Their freedoms were in boxes ſent,
Embelliſh'd wondrous clever,
In gold and ſilver, to preſerve
Theſe covenants for ever:
Both Pontipool and Kennel Coal,
Nor think I am in joke, ſir;
Old Exeter, I can aver,
Sent their's in *heart of oak*, ſir.

But ſee how things will turn about,
The men that did oppoſe it,
As Hanover was George's right,
In troth they would not loſe it:
Then thouſands went, both horſe and foot,
Which ſtruck the land with wonder
And now they ſay, America
On German plains knock'd under.

Walpole erected Houghton-Hall,
And Pelham heap'd up treaſure;
What wonder then, if Pitt purſues
A predeceſſor's meaſure?
A round Three Thouſand Pounds a year.
The king the bond inſureth,
He and his boy, for to enjoy
Long as each life endureth,

For

For many years old Holles ſat
Amidſt this noiſe and riot,
And few enjoy'd ſo great a truſt
With greater eaſe and quiet:
But when the Northern peer came in,
And gave his Grace a joſtle,
A favourite he, they cry'd, muſt be
Who rivals great Newcaſtle.

The veteran whigs, with jealous eyes,
Were at the fav'rite glancing;
Nor could forbear to ſhew how much
They envy'd his advancing;
And all the rout, was, Johnny Bute
Enjoys ſo high a place, ſir,
Which as a Scot, the powder plot
Was not a thing much baſer.

In Caledonian land obſerve,
Mirth ſpreads the country o'er;
For ſince the *muckle Laird* is roſe
To great and ſudden power,
Each Highland lad with bonnet and plaid
Does with his laſſey caper;
And all around encore the ſound
Of bagpipe, drum, and tabor.

SONG

SONG XXXVIII.

BRITANNIA's COMPLAINT,

An ELEGY;

On the Death of the MARQUIS *of* GRANBY.

WHAT grief muſt the kingdom ſuſtain!
For who but the cauſe muſt deplore,
To Britannia what anguiſh and pain,
When told that her Granby's no more!
Ye vet'rans who fought by his ſide,
And chearfully honour'd his call,
Affliction you cannot avoid,
It now on your boſoms muſt fall.

When the late worthy lord of the plain
Appointed him chief in command,
No words can too highly contain
The pleaſure it gave to the land:
In every village around,
The lads did ſuch fondneſs diſplay,
All the ſong at the trumpet's ſhrill ſound,
Was, To Granby let's haſten away.

To what climate ſoe'er he was bound,
He dreaded no danger or toil;
Tho' oft was with victory crown'd,
He never grew rich by the ſpoil.
Than ſee his dear country oppreſs'd,
Of all that he had would he part;
'Twas his pride to relieve the diſtreſs'd,
Such benevolence flow'd from his heart.

Since

Since Cumberland ſheath'd up the ſword,
No other their hearts ſo betook ;
Whenever he mention'd the word,
This, this was the language they ſpoke :
" From Granby we ne'er will retreat,
" Our guardian, commander, and pride ;
" Let the danger be ever ſo great,
" We'll conquer, or die by his ſide."

He's not left us his equal behind,
So priz'd, and ſo dearly careſs'd ;
True courage was ſtamp'd on his mind,
And humanity dwelt in his breaſt.
Of war, ye that form'd a deſign,
Your hoſtile intentions reſtrain ;
For the army has cauſe to repine,
" That they ne'er ſhall his like ſee again."

SONG XXXIX.

St. ANDREW's DAY; a SCOTCH AIR;

Tune, *Hooly and fairly.*

STRIKE up the tabor, ye lads and be friſky,
Toſs up your bonnets, and puſh round the whiſky,
For princely affection muſt ſurely command you
All to rejoice on the feaſt of St. Andrew.
Feaſt of St Andrew, &c.

England

England with aching heart long has been viewing
The deeds which her prince has been fondly purſuing,
Whilſt we in this golden age, thanks to our Johnny!
Inſtead of rebelling, have cauſe to be bonny.
Cauſe to be bonny, &c.

The German flute tone, when the bagpipe is near,
Howe'er it may grate in an Engliſhman's ear,
Is ſweet courtly muſic, and pleaſes as dearly,
As when we in raptures ſung---Over to Charley.
Over to Charley, &c.

Tho' Johnny is abſent, his mandate he ſends,
And always takes care to provide for his friends;
Who never complain that their taxes are heavy,
But ſnugly creep into the army and navy.
Army and navy, &c.

When Cumberland ſtorm'd us, ſo hard was their lot,
Our fathers by dozens were hung up and ſhot;
But ſince his deceaſe, 'ſtead of hanging and ſhooting,
In places of profit we've got the beſt footing.
Got the beſt footing, &c.

SONG XL.

Lord G----E S----E's Promotion, Or, MINDEN BRAVERY Rewarded.

Tune, *Roaſt Beef of Old England.*

WHEN daſtards are plac'd in the liſt of promotions,
What wonder to ſee from ſuch wrong-headed notions,
Thro'out all the land factious broils and commotions.

CHORUS.

Can it go well with Old England,
When traitors are plac'd at the helm?

One would think if our monarch deſign'd him the poſt,
That Minden's fam'd fight to his mem'ry was loſt,
When his grandfire's old will ſo abruptly he croſs'd.

Of this had old G----- but conceiv'd the leaſt dread,
At the time when his truſt he ſo baſely betray'd,
When he ſtruck out his name he'd have ſtruck off his head.

When Chatham was known at the helm to preſide,
The men who had merit were always employ'd,
And our ſoldiers and ſailors in fighting took pride.

But inſtead of a Hawke, or a Saunders, to guide,
In whom the brave tars would for courage confide,
Land admirals rule, who the waves never ſpy'd.

No Sand---h had ſway, and the name of Ger--ne,
By Engliſhmen juſtly was held in diſdain;----
Ye winds, to America waft the whole train:

Then, to the joy of Old England,
Will harmony ſoon be reſtor'd.

SONG

SONG XLI.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Tune, *The Warwickſhire Lad.*

THE ſeaſon for fond recreation,
When feaſting comes moſt into faſhion,
Is when from their ſchools the briſk lads rally home,
And carol for pleaſure that Chriſtmas is come;
Chriſtmas is come,
Baniſh gloom,
And carol for pleaſure that Chriſtmas is come.

The 'prentice boys joyfully caper,
The artiſt adjourns from his labour,
The bells give the ſignal for all to regale,
And bid us be joyous o'er toaſt and good ale,
Toaſt and good ale,
Boys regale,
And bid us be joyous o'er toaſt and good ale.

What mortal can deem it a folly,
To be once a year free and jolly,
From ſcarceneſs may time very ſoon turn the ſcale,
And all hearts have plenty of toaſt and good ale.
Toaſt and good ale,
Boys regale,
And all hearts have plenty of toaſt and good ale.

We'll title the man a deſerter,
That will not ſtick up to his charter;

The cuſtom amongſt jovial ſouls cannot fail,
And where is there one but loves toaſt and good ale?
Toaſt and good ale,
Boys regale
And where is there one but loves toaſt and good ale?

Our bowl ſhall be deep and capacious,
If big as a tun 'twill not baſh us:
And tho' at our maxims old ſages may rail,
Like us in their youth they lov'd toaſt and good ale.
Toaſt and good ale,
Boys regale,
Like us in their youth they lov'd toaſt and good ale.

Strong beer gives an Engliſhman pleaſure,
And good bread and cheeſe is rich treaſure;
Thus furniſh'd we ſit, ſing, and tell a good tale,
All pleaſant and happy o'er toaſt and good ale.
Toaſt and good ale,
Boys regale,
All pleaſant and happy o'er toaſt and good ale.

SONGS,

Written during the General Election *in the Year* 1774.

WARWICKSHIRE CONTEST.

SONG I.

BELZEBUB's TRIP *to* WARWICK.

TO Belzebub ſoon as the tidings were brought,
That Warwickſhire lads with contention were fraught;
His rev'rence forſook his head quarters, the court,
And ſet off poſt haſte to partake of the ſport.

On his road as there dwelt a particular friend,
He ſtop'd ſhort at Newnham an ev'ning to ſpend;
For if any truth in the ſtories of men be,
No two are more great than the Devil and D-----.

At Banb'ry they gave him a treble ſalute,
No borough he e'er held in greater repute;
But a few days before had he chanc'd t'have come there
Would have ſeen his old friend my Lord N--- in the chair

When he came to thoſe walls where old Guy kept his
court,
Many compliments paſſ'd which aſſur'd him ſupport;
For he knew each degenerate limb of the giant,
To favour his ſchemes would be truly compliant.

For my good Lord of P-------n's ſpirit and zeal,
When he offers again his attempt ſhall not fail;
Tho' it gravels his pride, ſince he finds to his ſorrow,
That ſtill he muſt truckle to ſome rotten borough

My good friends, quoth Satan, by all that is dear,
Where conteſts do happen, this matter is clear:
If the kingdom you wiſh to be ſtill more oppreſſ'd,
For placemen and penſioners, boys, do your beſt.

Huzza! for a M-----t, be chearful and gay,
And courage, tho' forc'd, in the combat diſplay;
Take care of your bodies, rejoice o'er your bowls,
And I in the end, will take care of your ſouls.

The Caſtle vaſſals, who their powers have ſtrain'd,
Triumphant ſhall ride when the conqueſt is gain'd;
Guy's pot ſhall be fill'd, and each ſlave at a word,
In corruption's deep ſtream get as drunk as a lord.

But the De'il and his agents have often been cheated,
And why not at Warwick be fairly defeated?
Their ſchemes are abortive and fall to the ground,
For Skipwith and Holte have with glory been crown'd.

SONG

SONG II.

SKIPWITH, HOLTE, and INDEPENDENCY.

Tune, *The Warwickſhire Lad.*

YE Warwickſhire lads, true and ſteady,
For voting come get yourſelves ready;
The ſignal is given, the time is at hand,
And Engliſhmen like for your liberties ſtand.
Liberties ſtand,
Join the band,
And Engliſhmen like for your liberties ſtand.

The ſound to our ears is diſcordant,
Which echo's the name of a M——t;
'Twould madneſs be counted to look for ſupport,
From him that's a tool to an infamous court.
Tool of the court,
Mark the ſort,
And nobly diſdain ev'ry tool of the court.

To do an old character juſtice,
This, this a true portrait I truſt is;
At the miniſter's beckon obſequious he bow'd,
And ſaid aye or no with the ſycophant crowd;
Sycophant crowd,
Who ſo proud?
And ſaid aye or no with the ſycophant crowd.

Can Engliſhmen chuſe the deſcendant
Of any ſuch courtly dependant,

" Pray where is the freedom of voice in this caſe ?
If he ſpeaks from his conſcience he loſes his place."
Loſes his place,
Sore diſgrace.
If he ſpeaks from his conſcience he loſes his place.

Who wiſhes ſuch myrmidons ſeated,
Deſerves like a ſlave to be treated ;
To Old England's welfare the baſeſt of foes,
Are they who ſuch dupes for our members propoſe.
Members propoſe,
Worſt of foes,
Are they who ſuch dupes for our members propoſe.

Some rotten grown borough may chuſe him,
True Warwickſhire lads will refuſe him ;
The ſprig of corruption a few friends may find,
But Skipwith and Holte are with freedom combin'd,
Freedom combin'd,
Well inclin'd,
But Skipwith and Holte are with freedom combin'd.

SONG III.

Tune, *Jolly mortals fill your glaſſes.*

JOLLY ſons of mirth and freedom,
Baniſh care and come with me ;
Slaves muſt go where tyrants lead 'em,
True born Britons dare be free.

Honeſt

Honeſt ſouls for ill got treaſure,
Nobly ſcorn to move an inch;
Holte and Skipwith give us pleaſure,
From ſuch hearts we'll never flinch.

Votes from Birmingham are haſting,
For the worthy lads make room;
See by coining and by caſting,
How they ſweat the Chamber-groom.

Tyrants ne'er ſhall triumph o'er us!
Boys be ſtaunch. the proſpect's good;
Than a cauſe to loſe ſo glorious!
Sooner will we loſe our blood.

Now the fight begins to thicken,
Lordly power is almoſt gone;
Well the trembling ſlaves may ſicken,
For their chiefs their beſt have done.

Yeſterday we ſtruck a damper!
Give 'em ſuch another tweak;
And you'll make the daſtards ſcamper,
'Twill their very heart-ſtrings break.

SONG IV.

LIBERTY's CALL.

Tune, *Hark the echoing horn.*

HARK to liberty's call, how it darts through the air,
Take horſe, my brave boys, and away;
With courage advance, for the conteſt prepare,
The time will admit no delay.

All

All hungry dependants of government ſhun,
And act like your anceſtors bold;
When the placeman appears, bid the traitor be gone,
" An Engliſhman ſcorns to be ſold."

With heart, hand, and voice, for Sir Charles we'll unite,
Britannia applauds the deſign;
We've long been oppreſſ'd, and to do ourſelves right,
With freedom muſt nobly combine;
'Tis liberty's call, can a Briton refrain,
His gen'rous aſſiſtance to lend?
Our country commands, and we'll bleed ev'ry vein,
So glorious a cauſe to defend.

When freedom's at ſtake, and the land is oppreſſ'd,
Their duty they're acting who go
With reſolute hearts to contribute their beſt,
To cruſh the attempts of our foe!
Like Britons of old, may they courage diſplay,
Succeſs their endeavours enſure;
And the daſtard who barters his birthright away,
In ſlav'ry for ever endure.

SONG V.

Tune, *Nancy Dawſon.*

COME all ye ſons of liberty,
In worſt of times, who dare be free,
In chorus nobly join with me,
My ſtory claims attention.

'Twixt

'Twixt freedom's ſons and lordly pow'r,
Which aims our birthrights to devour;
So hard a conteſt ne'er before,
Can Engliſh records mention.

'Twas on the plains of Warwickſhire,
Where many thouſands did appear;
In fact the fight was ſo ſevere,
It ſtruck the land with wonder.
The Reds had long the upper ground,
Yet to their ſorrow quickly found,
The Blues were lads whoſe hearts were ſound,
And never would knock under.

When ſeven days were fairly fled,
The Red began to droop his head;
On freedom's ſoil the courtier bred,
No laurels could be reaping:
Deſtruction ſtar'd him in the face,
His friends bemoan'd his wretched caſe,
And G---y's bleſſed babe of grace,
To P------n went weeping.

A legion of the Great ſtept forth,
Proclaiming loud the Placeman's worth;
But not the boaſt of fame or birth,
Could get the work compleated:
For ſpite of all the mighty aid,
Which in the combat was diſplay'd,
The Lords upon their backs were laid,
And glorioufly defeated.

The Premier's preſſing orders came,
Which only ſerv'd to ſpread his ſhame;
For free-born ſouls deſpiſ'd his claim,
And ſaw his minion falling.
They ſcorn'd from juſtice to revolt,
And at the daring, baſe inſult,
Like bottom'd cocks took *double Holte*,
And laid the daſtards ſprawling.

To Birmingham much praiſe is due,
Her ſons were honeſt, bold, and true,
To action vig'rouſly they flew,
And freedom's cauſe defended.
Their gen'rous ardour did prevail,
For when they fell on *tooth* and *nail*,
The ſlaves grew ſick, their chiefs turn'd pale;
And thus the conteſt ended.

SONG VI.

FREEDOM TRIUMPHANT;

Or, *The downfall of the Lords!*

On Chairing Sir *Charles Holte* and Mr. *Skipwith*.

Tune, *Rule Britannia*.

WHEN Britons to diſtreſs were ſtung,
And freedom juſtly did complain;
This was the language of each tongue,
And thus they ſung in manly ſtrain:

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Rule Britannia,
Britannia dare to reign;
Britons ſcorn the tyrants chain.

The genuine ſparks of liberty,
Can ſtill be found in Warwickſhire;
Hearts that are honeſt, bold and free,
When juſtice calls, unmaſk'd appear.

Chorus, Rule, &c.

The counties round, whom power awes,
Shall bluſh to hear what feats were done,
When the aſſertors of our laws
A great and glorious conteſt won.

Chorus, Rule, &c.

WORCES-

WORCESTERSHIRE CONTEST.

SONG I.

The PRIDE of WORCESTER;

On Sir WATKIN LEWES's Arrival.

Tune, *Sweet Willy O.*

OF Worceſter the worthy Sir Watkin's the pride;
The beſt that came down,
He gladden'd the town,
For all in his promiſe could ſafely confide.

He came to our aid in a time of diſtreſs;
And each honeſt heart
Did freely impart
The kindeſt of wiſhes towards his ſucceſs.

Hark! hark! to the ſound of the fife and the drum;
No muſic ſo ſweet
Could a Handel repeat,
As that which firſt told us a third man was come.

Newcaſtle may boaſt of her favourite Glynn,
And Worceſter reviv'd,
When Lewes arriv'd,
And ſhew'd the ſame ſpirit to welcome him in.

A ſcene

A ſcene more enliv'ning there could not be crav'd;
Where'er he came near
Much joy did appear,
For deeply his name on our hearts is engrav'd.

A conteſt ſo noble muſt ſoon fire the land;
And long as the tide
Of Severn ſhall glide,
The name of Sir Watkin on record ſhall ſtand.

SONG II.

The *Independent Freeman's Invitation* to the Poll on Sir WATKIN's Second Arrival.

Tune, *Rural felicity.*

YE lads for the conteſt again be preparing,
Corruption is ſcourg'd, and the nabobs are ſick;
Sir Watkin for juſtice ſo ſtrongly adhering,
The dupes of oppreſſion has ſtung to the quick.

CHORUS.

Then come one and all,
Attend to the call,
To ſerve your defender with chearfulneſs fly;
Come, ſee
True Engliſh liberty,
Lovers of freedom abounding in joy.

Be true to the worthy, whom nature has given
A ſpirit of boldly defending our laws;
Since freedom's an attribute granted by Heaven,
We cannot too firmly adhere to the cauſe,

The

The tools of corruption who once made a rattle,
Before the tribunal were almoſt ſtruck dumb;
Poor freemen no more ſhall be bought like horn'd cattle,
The ſcene is diſcloſ'd, and the charge is brought home.

The patriot who makes bribing aldermen tremble,
By all honeſt Engliſhmen reverenc'd ſhall be;
Reward real merit, together aſſemble,
In chooſing Sir Watkin we prove ourſelves free.

SONG III.

The WINDMILL TAVERN.

Tune, *Nancy Dawſon.*

YE free-born ſouls who nobly dare,
In worſt of times your minds declare,
To ſee Sir Watkin in the chair,
Much pleaſure has afforded.
The noble conteſt carried on,
Which independency begun,
As long as Severn's ſtream ſhall run,
In verſe ſhall be recorded.

Tho' malice all her venom darts,
And brib'ry all her force imparts,
Above ſix hundred honeſt hearts
In freedom's cauſe aſſemble.
The Mayor looks pleaſ'd, the Sheriff raves,
Whilſt nabobs, bullies, pimps and knaves,
With all their train of perjur'd ſlaves,
Begin to quake and tremble.

At

At Oxford when for ſordid gold,
The rights of Engliſhmen were ſold,
To Newgate's gloomy cage were haul'd
The famous corporation.
And people at this time agree,
That Worceſter ſoon expects to ſee
Her darling friends to bribery
In ſuch a ſituation.

Ye ſons of freedom, join the throng,
To you the trueſt joys belong,
Aloud reſound the glad'ning ſong,
Along the banks of Severn.
Should truth prevail, and juſtice reign,
What ſoul from laughter could refrain,
To ſee the nabob's ſervile train
Approach the Windmill Tavern.

Britannia ſmiles her ſons to ſee,
So nobly fight for liberty,
And bids all thoſe who dare be free,
On black corruption trample.
May real merit take her ſeat,
Her friends with joy the tale relate,
And all the kingdom imitate
The glorious example.

SONG III.

The DEMIREPS.

YE laſſes that ſo fondly ſee
The modern mode of polling,
Who ne'er to bribes or perjury
Would wiſh the leaſt controuling;
Bid modeſty forſake her reign,
Aſſemble in a cluſter,
And join the forward wanton train
That ſhines ſo bright in Wor'ſter. *Fal, lal,* &c.

'Twas in the Hall the other day,
When matters were debating,
A female junto people ſay,
Full wantonly were prating:
Great numbers who the ſcene ſurvey'd
Declar'd that nymphs ſo daring
Had from ſome bagnio ſtole or ſtray'd
To go electioneering. *Fal, lal,* &c.

To ſee the men ſo much out-done
By modern female fame, ſir,
The Sh---ff caſt an angry frown,
And many bluſh'd for ſhame, ſir.
The city ſages ſeem'd to flout,
That ſuch a forward jury,
For impudence ſhould brazen out
The vet'ran bawds of Drury'. *Fal, lal,* &c.

The

The mother of all f---ts was there,
And much was ſtruck with wonder,
To find that ſhe for brazen glare
To others muſt knock under.
Nay, many at the ſight did ſtart,
And look'd with indignation,
To think ſuch troops could form a part
Of Wor'ſter's corporation. *Fal, lal,* &c.

Ye nymphs whom love and decency
Your conduct have attended,
Forgive the muſe, and ſcorn to be
At modern truth offended:
Ye perjur'd ſlaves, ſince Newgate cell
May quickly be your quarters,
Prepare to hear Sepulchre's bell,
And take your wives and daughters. *Fal, lal,* &c.

SONG IV.

CORRUPTION's CAVALCADE.

YE ſlaves who would wiſh to enforce the example,
And ſtrain ev'ry nerve on fair freedom to trample,
To Wor'ſter repair, for that wiſe corporation,
Whom England throughout hold in rank deteſtation,
Like thoſe bleſſed chriſtians who dwell at New Shoreham,
Clandeſtinely join to bear all down before 'em.

Tho' W----n and W---ns, C---e, H---n and W----gs,
To anſwer home charges were call'd from their dwellings;
Yet ſee with what brazen effront'ry they ruſh at
Thoſe things which a Shafteſbury burgeſs would bluſh at.

For pray who beſides, after ſuch vile detection,
Could hold up their faces at any election.

The Dean, if he pleaſes, may make himſelf famous,
And ſend o'er the city his preſſing mandamus;
If the doctor could do nothing better than preach, ſir,
Not a convert would ever come into his reach, ſir:
But let him proceed, and his corps reconnoitre,
Such buſineſs in time will procure him a mitre.

Had not Coventry's Earl their black cauſe have befriended,
Their ſtruggle ſo brave would have glorioufly ended;
But his Lordſhip, as one of our noble directors,
Recommends the king's guards for our civil protectors;
The matter is clear, and ſo true is the ditty,
That Wor'ſter's turn'd into a Lord-ridden city.

The cage where offenders ſo frequently bear to
Was thought much too good for theſe culprits to ſteer to,
For tho' Newgate yawn'd as the fam'd corporation,
Was ent'ring St. Stephen's for examination,
Old Akerman frown'd as he peep'd at the legion,
And ſwore they were all too corrupt for his region.

SONG V.

On Sir WATKIN's being CHAIRED.

SEE the legal member comes,
Sound your fifes and beat your drums;
Sons of mirth begin the ſong,
Fire with joy a Britiſh throng.

Hark!

Hark! what plaudits rend the air,
See ſir Watkin in the chair;
On the ruſtic ſhoulders bore,
Of thoſe who dread no tyrant's pow'r.

Vice Verſa.

See amongſt yon venal throng,
Foul corruption ſteal along,
Sounds ariſe from perjur'd votes,
Harſher than the raven's notes.

Hearts that can't withſtand a bribe
All of Pluto's darling tribe,
Join the Nabob's cavalcade,
Perjured ſouls for ſlaves were made.

LEICESTERSHIRE CONTEST.

SONG I.

The DEVIL and the POPE, a *Conference.*

WHEN the fam'd Stuart race had deſerted the crown,
And reaſon and truth had knock'd tyranny down,
Old Belzy, who ne'er is deſpairing of hope,
To humbug the land, thus ſaluted the Pope:
Derry down.

I make not a doubt but your holineſs knows,
How the baſtards of Jemmy adore the white roſe,
A plan ſomething ſimilar quickly diſplay,
And artfully aim on their weakneſs to prey.

On a much better plan, quoth the Pope, I have hit,
To cajole the poor creatures requires not much wit;
A ſtandard I'll rear, call the idol True Blue!
The bait will attract the blind bigotted crew.

'Twas done, and the maxim holds good to this day,
For he that can ſing *Derry down and huzza,*
Will H-------d * toaſt, and in toaſting get drunk,
Is counted a Blue that is top full of *ſpunk.*

* One of the Candidates for the County of Leiceſter.

You

You can't but imagine his Holineſs ſmil'd,
In England to find people ſo much beguil'd;
And his *ſable-ſkin'd worſhip* commended the plan,
For he ſwore the Old-Blues were his friends to a man.

Whilſt H-------d aims to be knight of the ſhire,
And tyranny ſtill on the ſoil dares appear,
Do not wonder why nonſenſe and noiſe ſhou'd abound,
For ſhort ſighted ſouls muſt be govern'd by ſound.

Thus by ſound of True Blue to enſlave a free land,
You ſee how the Pope has theſe mongrels trepan'd;
And the idol is worſhip'd when ſtuck on a poſt,
The ſame as the catholics worſhip the Hoſt.

Should any diſpute what I frankly declare,
To fair Lei'ſterſhire let me beg they'd repair,
Where thouſands of ſlaves, who of liberty brag,
Run through thick and thin when they ſpy the Blue-flag.
Derry down.

SONG II.

POCHIN and PLENTY.

Tune, *Shawnbree.*

YE worthy electors who dare to be free,
Spite of all artful perſuaſion;
Exert yourſelves boldly, and let the world ſee
Your minds on the preſent occaſion.
The ſound of Old Blue, may biaſs a few,
But he in the cauſe that is hearty;
Will do all he can in ſupport of the man
Who ne'er was the tool of a party.

He that is generous, active, and bold,
Plenty for ever befriend him,
He that is ſteady, and ſcorns to be ſold,
Health and good fortune attend him.
My boys, one and all, attend to the call,
By reaſon and truth be directed,
And each volunteer to the ſtandard repair,
Which Liberty's ſons have erected.

Look into Framland*, where hundreds are found,
Ready and willing as can be,
Lads who have hearts that are honeſt and ſound,
Fir'd with the name of a Granby.
The air rings with joy, where'er he comes nigh,
For Granby with freedom's connected,
There is not a name in the annals of fame,
By Engliſhmen better reſpected.

* A hundred in the county of Leiceſter.

SONG III.

WHILST ſome are endeav'ring the land to enſlave,
Which ruffles the timid and ſtartles the brave,
A few honeſt Britons an holiday crave,
To ſing O the roaſt beef of Old England,
O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

A decent regard to this day ſhall be ſhewn,
And Lei'ſterſhire worthies the pleaſure to crown,
In friendſhip united at Belvoir ſit down,
And ſing O the roaſt beef of Old England,
O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

An ox roaſted whole will be part of the cheer,
Prepar'd on the ſpot where the beſt will appear,
And Framland boys over a tide of ſtrong beer
Sing O the roaſt beef of Old England,
O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

Let Frenchify'd mongrels invite their frog eaters
To routs and levees, or at fete champetres;
But true Britiſh hearts never mix with thoſe creatures
Who ſcorn the roaſt beef of Old England,
Who ſcorn the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

Her Granby to honour Britannia bids play,
A ſound ſo delightful makes nature look gay,
And lovers of freedom the ſummons obey,
And ſing O the roaſt beef of Old England,
O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

All ranks will aſſemble their tribute to pay,
And merrily ſing, dance, and drink down the day;
For tell me, what Briton will e'er run away
From the glorious roaſt beef of Old England,
The glorious Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

Whilſt fondly for infamous victory won,
Apoſtates are dancing a French rigadoon,
Our hearts ſhall beat time to that glorious tune,
Of, O the roaſt beef of Old England,
O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

By actions we're ſway'd, and by gratitude ſteer;
Our tribute is genuine, our wiſhes ſincere,
The Father we lov'd, and his offſpring revere;
Never in merry Old England
Was family better belov'd.

Our

Our wiſhes ſhall be as we bumpers diſpenſe, (mence,
That through the whole land happy days may com-
And Britons at Belvoir a thouſand years hence,
Sing, O the roaſt beef of Old England,
O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

SONG IV.

The OLD RANTING BLUES.

ATTEND ye jolly hearts of gold,
Whilſt I relate a ſtory;
The lad that's honeſt, free, and bold
Will in the ſubject glory:
'Tis of that rigid ranting crew
Who've long in darkneſs wander'd;
That idolize the name of Blue,
And bow before its ſtandard.

Theſe bluſt'ring ſons of bigotry,
Who never had connection,
In any meaſure or degree,
With reaſon or reflection;
Who o'er their cups will fondly prate,
And blindly boaſt of freedom;
Yet ſuffer any tool of ſtate
Through thick and thin to lead 'em.

This blind led tribe, when conteſts ſpring,
From Tueſday until Sunday,
Will rant and roar, and drink and ſing,
About the Ghoſt of Mundy:

But

But they who time tell truly o'er,
Declare there's one remiſs day;
For Mundy's old election ſcore
Is not diſcharg'd at this day.

Incloſing does a theme afford,
Which thouſands have took part in;
But let me aſk of H--------d,
How ſtands the caſe at 'Martin?
His rent-roll ſets the matter clear,
I ſpeak it to his ſorrow;
They've felt the man in Glo'ſterſhire,
And will at Queneborough.

Of ill got wealth I aſk no ſhare,
Let who will dare to take it;
But this one truth I will declare,
Nor care who hears me ſpeak it:
In lawful claims had Belton's Dame,
And Borlace too been righted;
The county ne'er had ſeen this flame,
And all had been united.

SONG V.

ORIGIN *of an* OLD BLUE.

WHEN contentions are ſpread,
It is frequently ſaid,
And I'll warrant the tale to be true;
That fair Lei'ſterſhire
Holds nothing ſo dear,
As a brat that is chriſten'd Old Blue.

From

From whence this brat ſprung
May be known by my ſong;
Yet many from long obſervation,
Say, Rome's rigid crew,
Still rev'rence Old Blue,
As an intimate friend and relation.

From the fam'd Stuart race,
Some its pedigree trace,
But they who advance ſomething more,
Say, the babe (mark the plot)
Was at *Sparkenhoe got,
By a monk, on a Lei'ſterſhire w--re.

In corporate towns,
They who put on long gowns,
To its welfare their glaſſes puſh round;
And villages too,
Fondly reliſh Old Blue,
For the ign'rant are gull'd by the ſound.

In the year forty-five
Its fond parents did ſtrive
To get the dear baby a crown;
They ſhew'd teeth and nails,
But the Scots turn'd their tails,
And the child was thrown into a ſwoon.

Ye Lei'ſterſhire boys,
When conteſts ariſe,
To your own worthy natives prove true;
Throw malice aſide,
Make reaſon your guide,
And laugh at the ſound of Old Blue.

* The Name of one of the Hundreds.

SONG

SONG VI.

CEASE your idle humdrum prating
Of affairs not worth relating;
Come with me, nor think I'm jeering,
Nothing beats electioneering.

Ye who have long time been ſtarving,
And good things would fain be carving,
Haſte away, the feaſt is dainty,
Lei'ſter is the land of plenty.

In this tragi-comic bluſter,
People from all quarters muſter,
Peaſants pouring in by legions,
French Friſſeurs, and ſtage comedians.

Bullies, bailiffs, bawds, and pimps, ſir,
And a thouſand groveling imps, ſir;
Bloods and Blues, in ranting clever,
Shouting H-------d for ever.

" Painters, poets, and muſicians,
" Parſons, lawyers, and phyſicians,"
Country 'Squires, and city agents,
Dirty ſtreets, and flaming pageants.

Ranters ne'er poſſeſſ'd with ſound heads,
Loudly bawling, d---n the round heads;
Slaves who would to rant and revel,
Sell their country to the devil.

White Roſe mongrels, black legg'd gentry,
Checque clerks, making double entry;
Rank apoſtates, thither flocking,
Spurning truth, and freedom mocking.

If you would the pleaſure taſte, ſir,
Quickly to the banquet haſte, ſir;
Thouſands round have caught th' infection,
This is Lei'ſterſhire election.

SONGS, ODES, &c.

SONG I.

BIRMINGHAM TRANQUILITY, 1776.

Tune, *The Miller of Mansfield.*

IN England's fair capital every year,
A tumult is raiſed about chuſing Lord Mayor,
Each party engages with fury and ſpleen,
And nothing but ſtrife and contention is ſeen.

Ye wrangling old cits, let me beg you'd look down,
And copy from Birmingham's peaceable town,
Where ſouls forty thouſand or more you may view;
No juſtice of peace, and but conſtables two.

In

In no place beſides, that's ſo populous grown,
Was ever leſs noiſe or diſturbances known;
All hands find employment, and when their work's done,
Are happy as any ſouls under the ſun.

With hammer and file time is carefully beat,
For ſuch is the muſic of every ſtreet;
The anvil's ſharp ſound is the artiſt's delight.
And ſtamps, lathes, and preſſes in concert unite.

Let cities and boroughs for conteſt prepare,
In chuſing of ſheriffs, recorder, or mayor;
With ſuch kind of titles they've nothing to do,
Nor diſcord in chuſing of officers ſhew.

The envy and hatred elections bring on,
Their hearty intention is always to ſhun;
No polling, no ſcratching, nor ſcrutinies riſe,
Who friendſhip eſteem muſt ſuch meaſures deſpiſe.

To far diſtant climes doth her commerce extend;
Her channels of traffic admit of no end;
And Birmingham, whilſt there is trade in the land,
For brighteſt invention unrivall'd ſhall ſtand.

SONG II.

The VICAR *of* BRENTFORD.

Tune, The Vicar of Bray.

IN George the third's illuſtrious reign,
When courtier's much did gamble,
And in the country honeſt men
For bread were forc'd to ſcramble: When

When northern lads the favour gain'd,
Of kingly approbation,
Promoted were, their ground maintain'd,
And ſway'd the Engliſh nation.

CHORUS.

This doctrine then I did begin,
And blame me if you can for't;
That let who will be out or in,
I'll be the Vicar of Brentford.

When party feuds ran bloody high,
In London's wrangling city,
I did eſpouſe the general cry,
And join'd in every ditty;
To Wilkes's cauſe ſo cloſely wed,
My ſtrongeſt vows I plighted,
And ſwore I'd dye my black coat red,
To ſee the kingdom righted!

At government I made a ſcoff,
The people thought me hearty,
And I was made Archbiſhop of
The patriotic party:
And would at one time, 'tis well known,
(Nor blame my reſolution)
Have pawn'd my caſſock and my gown
To prop the conſtitution.

For Liberty I bawl'd aloud,
And was a bold aſſertor,
But found 'twas not preferment's road,
And then I turn'd deſerter;

Nor

Nor did I in the leaſt regard,
Who diſapprov'd my manner,
For conteſt ſtill was well prepar'd,
So flew to Shelburn's banner.

For Sheriffs, ſoon as Wilkes and Bull
Were candidates entreated,
I us'd my efforts at the poll
To get the ſcheme defeated;
In malice ſpoke, and ſcandal wrote,
(Of this what mortal dreamed?)
Betray'd my friends and turn'd my coat,
Nor am at all aſhamed.

Ye ſage divines, who would large ſtrides
In church or ſtate be making,
The goſpel mode of changing ſides,
Ne'er be aſham'd of backing:
This text is truly orthodox,
And well deſerves your hearing,
That whoſoe'er at intereſt looks,
Muſt with the times be veering.

SONG III.

On the B--ll for preventing the killing of Dogs.

P——T WAKE.

OF all the grand plans that have lately been laid,
To quiet an injur'd nation,
Pray what better ſcheme could have e'er been diſplay'd
For the government's ſafe preſervation,

Than keeping thoſe maſtiffs from being annoy'd,
Whom the ſtate find their chiefeſt dependants;
For if mad dogs and ſad dogs ſhould all be deſtroy'd,
The court muſt have different attendants.

What project could M------y better create,
Amidſt this confuſion and pother,
Than that of preſerving the hounds of the ſtate,
Who are ready to worry each other;
But ſhould a fit levy be charged on the head
Of every vile Cur in the nation,
The buſineſs of ſtate would no more ſtand in need
Of puzzling for modes of taxation.

But if I am ſuffered my judgment to ſpeak,
About this diſorder and rattle,
What elſe can we call it but P---l-- -t wake,
Full of noiſe, about dogs and horn'd cattle.
Since Bullface has got himſelf plac'd in the chair,
Nothing more of the caſe can we make Sir,
Than a mere ranting, wrangling Bull-baiting affair,
And they bring who they pleaſe to the ſtake, Sir.

Our fathers of old o'er their cups were inclin'd
To boaſt of a Sydney or Hampden,
And ſtill a few ſparks of their fire we find
To be left in a Granby and Camden.
Then boys, while we've freedom to take glaſs in hand,
In the toaſt can an Engliſhman faulter,
And may all the vile curs that would prey on the land
Receive their deſerts in a halter.

SONG IV.

The Amorous ANTINOMIAN.

IN theſe days of pleaſure, when amorous ſport,
The greateſt of ſanction receives at the court,
To ſtifle the practice, let who will be watching,
The evil we find in the country is catching.

To the people of Bromwich I make my appeal,
Whether falſhood or truth what my ſong ſhall reveal;
Stand forth mighty Ay---s! ſince the charge is brought home
Nor ſtart tho' the hour of impeachment is come.

Ye brick-kiln lane converts I humbly requeſt,
You'd tell the world what is become of your Prieſt:
'Tis whiſper'd the genius has lately been found,
Breaking into a conſtable's fair fallow ground.

This miracle worker and goſpel expounder,
In Staffordſhire regions, has wrought ſuch a wonder!
That ſoon will determine by plain demonſtration,
The doctrine he plants is t'enforce propagation.

Ye mortals who truly religious would ſeem,
Let your wives and your daughters be tutor'd by him;
Who ſcripture for every indulgence can trace,
And ſmiles at his flock with a Cumberland's grace.

Attend all ye publicans, hear him ye ſinners,
Ye boatmen and colliers, ye nailors, and ſpinners;
For touching the heart in the moſt pleaſing vein,
In the kingdom his equal is not to be ſeen.

Such a prodigy never appear'd in a band,
Since infamous Whately deſerted the land!
In Venus's pulpit triumphant he preaches,
And conquers the fair by the doctrine he teaches.

Protect him for ſake of his true manly ſpirit,
Antinomian himſelf---could not greater inherit:
Take a Conſtable's word for the feats he has done,
And you'll find that he's blood to the very back bone.

S O N G V.

On the INSTALLATION at WINDSOR.

HARK! the call of the day,
Is to Windſor away,
Ye ſhining grandees of the nation;
For no other ſight
Can the heart ſo delight,
As the moſt noble grand inſtallation.

Nine worthies they ſay,
For what elſe can they be,
Whom the king thus to honour delights,
For their goodneſs are call'd,
To be graciouſly ſtall'd,
'Mongſt the reſt of his true noble knights.

Brave Edward the third,
This honour conferr'd
On men for good deeds ſignaliz'd,
But ſo changed is the caſe,
Out of nine, ſcarce a face,
But what by the land is deſpiſed.

As

As Grafton's among
The dignified wrong,
Sure Junius will give him ſome quarter;
For the ribbon cloſe ty'd
Ev'ry blemiſh muſt hide
Of this much-belov'd Knight of the Garter.

Poor Knights, two and two
Caps and feathers in view,
With Proctors to fill up the band;
A parade very much
Like a ſcene in a church,
When my lord Biſhop ſpreads out his hand.

What ſweet courtly fair,
The enjoyment to ſhare,
But what her rich jewels would barter?
For the mode of the court
Is to fondle and ſport
With the ſly 'luring tricks of the garter.

SONG VI.

Written extempore, on hearing that Mr. Skipwith, *member for Warwickſhire was remarkably active in preventing the exportation of Wheat, by oppoſing the motion in the houſe of Commons.*

IN nervous, animated lays,
Whilſt ev'ry journal ſounds the praiſe
Of London's brave Lord Mayor,
Think not his merit I diſown,
By aiming thus to ſpeak of one
Who claims a patriot's ſhare.

The man who made a noble ſtand,
To keep our corn within the land,
Applauſe will ever gain,
The deed beſpeaks an honeſt heart,
That cannot bend to act a part
Which would his country ſtain.

Strange! that the ſons of Warwickſhire,
Whoſe anceſtors on trial were
For Engliſh courage noted,
Should ſo degenerate be grown,
As out of ſix to have but one
On freedom's ſide that voted.

That though we of no more can boaſt,
His name ſhall honeſt Britons toaſt,
And faithfully adore;
And when the houſe diſſolv'd ſhall be
SKIPWITH again ſhall choſen be
In ſpite of Lordly power.

EPISTLE *from* WINDSOR.

YOU can't but have heard of the grand inſtallation,
That makes ſuch a noiſe in this part of the nation;
There is no gaping mortal ſure, ever did ſtare
At a more ceremonial fantaſtic affair!
Poor knights two and two, as they march'd led the van,
And the k--g ne'er before look'd ſo much like a man:
His air was majeſtic, and graceful his mien,
For the ſons of two dukes, as he walk'd, bore the train;
Make no wonder at this, for the greateſt of kings,
At particular times have been *daded* in ſtrings!

There

There were prebends and proxies, the cap and the feather,
And black rod to keep the grandees cloſe together;
The fur-coat, and girdle, the cuſhion and collar,
The hood and the mantle, what ſcene could be droller?
Here a bow, there a ſcrape, then a rev'rence is paid;
At the *haut-pas*, and altar, where off'rings are made.
When muſic begins, then the company join
In ſinging----how ſplendid and brilliant they ſhine!
And then, to crown all, to the grand gazing crowd
Is *largeſs* by garter proclaimed aloud!
Of choiceſt proviſion ſo great was the ſtore,
That delicate morſels were gave to the poor:
Hams, paſties, and fowls, from the windows were thrown,
For ven'ſon was plenty, and wine ſhower'd down!
In fact, all the good that this grand inſtallation
As yet has afforded, or done for the nation,
Serves juſt at this time for an evening's chat,
The vintners get rich, and the poor knights grow fat.

An EPISTLE *to a* FRIEND *in* LONDON.

AS you ſeem'd in your laſt very preſſing to know
How times and how matters in Birmingham go,
I've ventur'd, kind Sir, to diſpatch a detail,
Which might pleaſe, if diſcuſſ'd o'er a cup of good ale.
You muſt know, when *mechanics* commenc'd *navigators*,
That many, ſcarce thought of, roſe up ſtrong *debaters*;
And oft' in amazement, each other to ſting,
When ſpeaking, have made the Croſs-chamber to ring.
Diverſity frequently heighten'd the ſcene,
Good, bad, and indiff'rent, amongſt them were ſeen;
Some worthy to rank with a Sawbridge or Mawbey,
And others ſcarce fit to appear in the lobby.

Navigation great matters has done for the poor,
And ſome make pretenſions of ſtill doing more :—
I wiſh that the project was once brought to bear ;
For the talk is of *ſaving a thouſand a year !*
'Tis ſaid that from ſpleen oppoſition began,
A reaſon why many rejected the plan ;
Yet why about that need we trouble our pates,
So it tends in the main to reduce the *poor*'s rates ;
Which ſeem, than diminiſh, more likely t'encreaſe,
Unleſs the *aſſeſſment* ſhould *quickly* take place.
But this we muſt leave future time to decide,
At preſent things go on the company's ſide.
Of trade, no complaint, in theſe hard times, I hear ;
Still the poor man, who labours his offſpring to rear,
Tho' early he riſes, and works down the ſun,
And does much as can by induſtry be done ;
Finds all inſufficient to anſwer his call,
For levies run high, and our loaves very ſmall.
Yet to keep in good humour the minds of the people,
We've got two additional bells to the ſteeple.
So fertile for Authors is Birmingham grown,
They ſpring up like muſhrooms, yet ſcarcely are known :
No ſooner *Anonymous* gives us a lecture
Voltaire to defend, but up ſtarts an *Objector* ;
And, whilſt they're diſputing, a reverend Sir
Steps forth volunteer, to help on the demur ;
Who thought himſelf pretty ſecure, till, forſooth,
He met with a rap from a *Lover of Truth.*
Philalethes upon him began the ſame way,
Two to one is not ſhewing the p—n fair play :
And thus, pro and con. as their writings come out,
Is religion in two-penny ſlips hawk'd about ;
'Till, tir'd with the work, the performance grows ſtale,
And printers no longer the books can retail.

Amidſt

Amidſt theſe contentions, I cannot forget
To tell you (their wages to raiſe) how a ſet
Of Journeymen Taylors together combine,
And ſwear, e'er the cauſe ſhall be ſeen to decline,
That ſoon to the world ſhall be openly laid
What ſecrets and myſt'ries belong to the trade.
'Twixt the *flints* and the *dungs* ſo much rancour and ſpleen
Ne'er before in this part of the country was ſeen;
Nay ſome, who their minds have been wont to diſcloſe,
And publicly talk how the quarrel aroſe,
Old Belzebub charge, as a flagrant abettor,
And ſhew, as a proof, an incendiary letter:
How Lucifer came to this part of the nation,
And parl-----t quitted before prorogation,
To the land, as times go, very ſtrange would appear,
If *he* was not by *proxy*, to fill up the chair.
But think not that Satan alone meant to mix
With Taylors, to play off his magical tricks:
The Bruſh-makers ſeem'd of his coming appriz'd,
And danger to ſhun, a convention deviſ'd;
For when there appear'd an alarming epiſtle,
Which laid down the ſtate of their trade to a briſtle,
In behalf of the Workmen ſo greatly things turn'd,
That when 'twas made known they'd from buſineſs adjourn'd,
From London and Oxford, and other fam'd places,
Applauding their conduct, came thankful addreſſes;
Attended likewiſe with an off'ring of gold,
Their deeds to reward, and the cauſe to uphold;
Which made it, when maſters examin'd the caſe,
Expedient to let reconcilement take place.
Excuſe in this picture the freedom I've took,
Your candour I know will defects overlook;

But

But judge you'll be tir'd with the length of my lecture,
So frankly ſubſcribe myſelf, your's,
CIRCUMSPECTOR.

ODE on the Birth-day of the Marquis of GRANBY.

RECITATIVE.

FOND of the honours that were nobly won
On German plains by England's darling ſon,
And anxious ſtill to hold his memory dear,
Whoſe manly heart his country did revere,
Britannia, pointing to a ſocial band
Of free-born ſouls, thus gives her fair command:
"Domeſtic broils this day ſhall be forgot;
"Repair with freedom to that happy ſpot,
"Where plenty reigns, and love and friendſhip claim
"The heart-felt tribute to a Granby's name."

AIR.

Belvoir, from her ancient towers,
Doth the welcome tidings tell;
On her plains and in her bowers,
Peace and ſweet contentment dwell;
Whilſt, to ornament the whole,
In her manſion ſtill we ſee,
That which nobly marks the ſoul,
Engliſh Hoſpitality.

Rutland's much-lov'd aged ſire,
Full of goodneſs as of years,
Feels his boſom glow with fire,
And a florid aſpect wears.

Hark!

Hark ! what plaudits rend the ſky !
Grateful tribute proud to pay,
Engliſh hearts in ſongs of joy,
Honour Granby's natal day.

Virtues that divinely ſhone
In a worthy father's breaſt,
Are implanted in the ſon,
And already ſtand confeſt,
When he ſtopt the widow's ſighs,
Truth the godlike action tells ;
" Bleſt humanity, ſhe cries,
" In a *Manners* ever dwells."

S O N G.

Here Britain's true friends that reception ſhall find,
Which gladdens the heart, and enlivens the mind ;
From neighbouring counties the grave and the gay,
Well-pleas'd with the ſummons, ſhall trip it away,
And ven'rable ſires, as the hours glide along,
In drinking grow mellow, and feel themſelves young.

The friends to fair ſcience, arts, commerce, and trade,
Will freely aſſemble, the pleaſure to aid ;
The fair ones advance to embelliſh the ſcene,
Whilſt wit, love, and laughter, unitedly reign ;
And ruddy-fac'd peaſants their labour throw by,
And eagerly run to partake of the joy.

The vet'ran whoſe heart is a ſtranger to fear,
And dreaded no hardſhip if Granby was near,
When hearing the cauſe of theſe jubilee joys,
Will find in his Boſom freſh tranſports ariſe,

And

And fir'd at ſo truly reſpectful a name,
A fondneſs diſcover his love to proclaim.

Ye lovers of mirth, to the banquet reſort,
For Comus at Belvoir this day keeps his court:
Ye Worthies of Framland, come taſte of the cheer,
No care will intrude, no apoſtates be there:
Her Granby to honour, Britannia bids play,
Her ſons ſmile conſent, and 'tis all holiday.

HOSPITALITY.

WHEN Birmingham's illuſtrious town,
Remark'd for opulence was grown,
The ſons of eminence began,
To think upon ſome noble plan,
That to their honour might redound,
As well as ſerve the country round;
Some talk'd of Inland Navigation,
And told how much 'twould ſerve the nation
If Trent and Severn were united,
The coſt would amply be requited;
And that its great utility,
All that had eyes might clearly ſee.
The ſages of the ſober ſort,
Who ſeldom with their money ſport,
Unleſs convinced the plan would tend,
To ſerve ſome good and uſeful end,
Propos'd a ſcheme for building up,
A firm and laſting goſpel ſhop;
As ſuch a laudable intent,
Would be a graceful ornament,

Where

Where thoſe, who room for worſhip wanted,
Might have their pious wiſhes granted.
But matters of a public kind,
Will always ſome oppoſers find;
This made the former ſchemes protracted,
'Tis hop'd, not totally rejected;
But as the ſequel tends to ſhew,
A motive of a different view;
Excuſe me whilſt I deign to ſpeak,
What with our leaders ſeemed to take.
A mighty ruler of the town,
Whoſe fame has many years been known;
(An Eſculapian, and ſome ſay,
As great as Galen in his way)
Expreſſ'd the goodneſs of his mind,
And tender feeling for mankind:
Long time the people plainly ſaw,
Whate'er he ſaid was counted law,
So numbers join'd his noble call,
And voted for an Hoſpital.
Now that his name rever'd ſhall be,
And honour'd by poſterity,
A ſtately edifice ſhall riſe,
T' extol his goodneſs to the ſkies;
The poor, the ſick, the lame and blind,
By this kind work relief ſhall find,
Paupers and Ballad-ſingers too,
With all the tag-rag tatter'd crew,
That often at a glaſs-houſe ſwarm,
To keep their wretched bodies warm,
Shall leave their dens, and hither come,
To find a laſting aſylum;
Diſcarded tars who lurk about,
To trace the charitable out,

With

With tuck'd up limbs, or artful wounds,
Shall center here and quit their rounds;
The brick-kiln girls, and cinder dames,
Who harbour where a furnace flames,
Their habitations ſhall forſake,
In hopes their quarters here to take;
Incurables of Doctor Rock,
From diſtant parts ſhall hither flock,
The gipſey tribe of fortune-tellers,
Match-mongers, and old rag retailers,
With brats upon their backs ſhall crawl,
To find this General Hoſpital;
Of every county round, the ſcum,
Shall leave their huts and hither come;
Upon the generous bounty feed,
And like the Scots who croſs the Tweed,
Finding a better clime, ſhall ne'er
Return into their native air;
Here loſe the itch, ſhake off their lice,
And call the land a paradiſe,
Each bound to bleſs his happy lot,
In gaining ſuch a bounteous ſpot:
And every beggar's daily prayer
Shall be for its peculiar care.

A NEW EPILOGUE.

WHEN Garrick and Colman, our two great commanders,
(As great in their way as a Marlborough in Flanders)
Agreed for four months, that a truce ſhould be held,
Their arms threw aſide, and retir'd from the field,

A few

A few bold battalions who ruſh to the wars,
As free and intrepid as Pruſſian Huſſars;
To ſhew that no climate nor ſeaſon they fear,
Are fond to engage ev'ry month in the year;
Which cauſes our troops to be ſcatter'd about,
In parties gone forth each a different rout;
Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South, full career they proceed,
Some trip down to Portſmouth, and ſome croſs the Tweed,
Some planted at Briſtol----but our brigadier,
For the Summer's campaign, has directed us here.
To Liverpool numbers are anxious to roam,
Whilſt Foote, the Town major, keeps firing at home;
Inſur'd of ſucceſs, *hops* the ſtage with applauſe,
And thouſands each night to the Haymarket draws;
With modern exploits treats the ſtrangers to ſorrow,
A bankrupt to-day, and a ſham fight to-morrow.
The changes of fortune amongſt us are many,
Sometimes full of caſh, and ſometimes without any;
The world does with novelty ever abound,
Something new ev'ry ſeaſon is ſure to be found;
New churches, new plays, and new pantomime too---
And if what is reported ſhould prove to be true,
A plan is laid down, and what plan can be better,
I mean, that next year will be built a new The'tre;
In which may the town thoſe amuſements enjoy
That better the mind whilſt they pleaſure the eye;
And the ſons of the buſkin, where merit is due,
For their ſervices meet with kind treatment from you.

An HUDIBRASTIC EPISTLE.

Addreſſed to Anonymous, Objector, &c.

TO find the way to Heaven's gate,
Tho' ſome affirm the road is ſtrait,
Liſt to the ſequel, and you'll ſee
How men about it diſagree.
'Twas in the circle of a plain
That many hundreds might contain,
Of mortals, in a darken'd ſphere,
Traverſing on 'twixt hope and fear,
All for one ſpacious harbour ſteering,
But differ in the point of bearing;
His own opinion each conveying,
Not two in ſentiment agreeing.
CATHOLICUS, a zealot bred,
Preſum'd o'er all to take the lead,
Haranguing to a ſtrange degree
About Infalibility;
Declaring, in a deep diſcourſe,
His modes the ſtronger to enforce,
That they who diſbeliev'd his ſtory
Would ne'er get clear of purgatory.
Cloſe to his heels EPISCO trod;
And tho' he would not eat his God,
To notions as abſurd adher'd,
And many ſturdy followers rear'd:
That one was three, and three was one,
Implicitly was ſwallow'd down;
And often ſcourg'd by canon laws
Thoſe that run counter to his cauſe.

PRESBYTER

PRESBYTER, who would ne'er put on
The caſſock, ſurplice, or the gown,
Who could not (as the elders plead)
Digeſt the Athanaſian creed,
Or 'mongſt the common forms agree
To bow the head, or bend the knee;
On all theſe matters kept a ſtout look,
And taught his claſs to pray without book.
BAPTUS, though bred to common labour,
Could cobble, preach, or uſe a ſabre,
And like the tars that ſcour the channel,
Would take the water like a ſpaniel;
And never deem'd the taſk a burden,
To ſwim acroſs the River Jordan:
Both male and female in the lake,
He taught to play at duck and drake;
And always, by his ſaving grace,
Found out a proper landing place.
METHODIUS, varied in his work
From either Luth'ran, Jew, or Turk,
And in the vineyard labour'd more
Than any one had done before;
At five i' th' morn, and ſix at night,
To prayer did his flock invite;
And ev'ry day throughout the year,
Upon the Roſtrum would appear,
Announcing bitter condemnation
On thoſe who ſcoff'd at his perſuaſion.
SOCINUS built upon the plan,
That Jeſus was no more than man.
DEISTICUS went farther on,
Eſtabliſh'd modes he ſeem'd to ſhun;

On moral reas'ning plac'd his baſis,
And oft, in controverted caſes,
For teſtimonial proofs would look
In Woolſton, Chubb, or Bolingbroke:
One God ador'd, and always join'd
In ſocial duties to mankind;
And actions deem'd the ſureſt means
For favour in celeſtial ſcenes.
SANDEMON, different from the reſt,
In garb of ſcarlet often dreſt,
To preach, as well as feaſt and revel,
Held all mankind upon a level;
And would, if laws did not controul,
Rob Peter to compound with Paul;
A model of a freſh invention,
To fit the vulgar comprehenſion.
Now in a ſcene of wild confuſion,
As tho' miſled thro' blind deluſion,
Each ſtrives to make his doctrine plain,
The ſafeſt road to aſcertain:
One by election gains ſalvation,
And glories in predeſtination;
Another vows he is not ſure
But Adam's ſins lie at his door;
That faith and perſevering grace
Muſt gain in heav'n a dwelling-place.
Anonimous may ſtill proceed
In vindicating Voltair's creed;
One week we ponder o'er his lecture.
The next are pauſing at th' *Objector*;
And ſo the farce is carried on,
And goſpel tenets *pro* and *con*,

Are

Are in the country journal ſtated,
And by the Lord knows who debated;
And weavers, blackſmiths, button-turners
Set up for ſpiritual diſcerners.
'Tis thus the common modes that flow
Are cuff'd and cudgel'd to and fro;
And poor religion, by each Smack,
Is pelted like a common hack,
Bandied about by Sandemonian,
Moravian, Monk, or Muckletonian;
And whilſt with keeneſt zeal they fight,
And each declares his doctrine right,
Reſolv'd to bear down all before 'em,
Like thoſe pure chriſtians at New Shoreham,
Who never bow or bend the knee,
But when before *Sir Doublefee.*
Obſerve how ſnug amidſt this noiſe,
Reviewing all, *Friend Nathan* lies.
Juſt like the Dutch, when France and Spain
With other powers at war are ſeen,
Thinks, both for preſent and for future,
'Twill be the ſafeſt to ſtand neuter;
And while the reſt each other blame,
He milks the cow and ſkims the cream.
Judge as you pleaſe about the picture,
Whether 'tis real or conjecture;
I am your humble CIRCUMSPECTOR.

The GAMESTER's SOLILOQUY.

SCARCE break of day, retiring from the game,
Compunction ſeiz'd me, and reflection came;
Swell'd big in wrath, but pocket lack of pelf,
I walk'd along, thus mutt'ring to myſelf:

Oh! damn'd ill fortune, curſed cruel fate,
Am I the object of thy bitter hate?
At ſuch rebuffs can man forbear to droop,
To be for ever folly's ſcornful dupe?---
Now, by the diſtant ſtars that yet appear,
Twinkling their orbs in yonder weſtern ſphere;----
In plighted vows I ſwear from hence to ſhun
The horrid tortures of a wicked run
Of ſordid luck, for many deals 'twas mine,
No card to hold to cap a ſingle Nine;
Whilſt right and left each fiſt the table thumps,
And ſorely wound me with their killing trumps.
Rob'd of my reſt, diſquieted in mind;
What elſe but ſadneſs in this plight can find?
Fall on my pillow, in my dreams conceive
A change of fortune, and my loſs retrieve.
But when the waking hour unfolds the cheat,
Am doubly thwarted at the groſs deceit;
In penſive thought, determin'd to forſake
This courſe of life, then this proteſt I make:
Doom me, ye gods, a ſlave to diſtant lands,
When I again with cards defile my hands;
Or e'er on pictur'd kings my eyes ſhall glance,
If thus tormented by the ſtings of chance.

FINIS.

GLOCESTERSHIRE ELECTION.

SONG I.

ATKINSON's GHOST.

Tune, William and Margaret.

AT ſolemn midnight hour, when owls
An hideous ſcreeching make;
And ſpectres from their dreary dens,
Their frightful rambles take.

The Blue Bell toll'd; the horrid ſound,
What mortal Ear cou'd ſhun?
Tom wak'd, and at his feet beheld
The ghoſt of Atkinſon*.

Upon his breaſt a label hung;
" Think, think of this O Pruen!
" A conteſt for this county prov'd
" My ſad and ſudden ruin.

" Had my juſt bills been truly paid,
" Let this to All be told!
" I ne'er had from my regions ſtray'd,
" This caution to unfold.

" This leſſon mark, and warning take,
" From what I now impart;

* Landlord of the Golden Heart, in Southgate-ſtreet, at the laſt conteſted Election for Glocesterſhire.

" Such counſel wou'd (if ſent to me)
" Have ſav'd a broken heart."

With trembling limbs and half clos'd eyes,
With viſage wond'rous pale;
Attentively Tom lent his ears
To this prophetic tale.

" No longer be miſled by ſound,
" For Cheſter's boaſted powers,
" As well old Severn's tide may turn,
" As conquer Berkeley's towers."

The grey-ey'd morn began to peep,
The ſpectre ſolemnly,
Like Hamlet's ghoſt, retiring, cry'd,
" Farewell! remember me."

SONG II.

THE CONSULTATION.

THE council met---the chiefs were call'd
To make a nice inſpection,
Which being clos'd on Cheſter's brow
Sat ſorrow and dejection;
For by the books he plainly ſaw
His chance was very ſlender;
And ſeem'd, as though his doubtful claim
He wanted to ſurrender.

His dignified, diſtinguiſh'd friend,
In ſeeming conſternation,

Aſk'd

Aſk'd,---" Why theſe gloomy downcaſt looks,
This ſudden alteration ?"
My growing fears, ſays he, begin
To warn me of my danger;
In this ſad trade, I'm ſore afraid
I ſtill remain a ſtranger.

What new expedient is there left?
What can my friends be trying?
Some freſh manœuvre muſt be made
To keep the cauſe from dying.
Diſpel all fear,---for this is clear,
Of Leaſeholds we have plenty,
And cottagers ſhall alſo come,
If legal votes prove ſcanty.

A ſecond canvas gave him hopes,
The poll would crown his wiſhes,
And that he ſoon would join with thoſe
Who ſhare the loaves and fiſhes.
But Berkeley's honeſt voters hold
Such ſchemes in great deriſion,
And gladly ſay---the month of May
Shall bridle his ambition.

SONG III.

PISTOL BLUES DEFEATED.

Tune, Jack the briſk young drummer.

CHEER up my jolly hearts of gold,
The cauſe is good and glorious;
And let the Tyrant tribe be told,
They ne'er ſhall triumph o'er us;

The time is ſhort, the noble puſh,
Admits of no controuling,
Then quickly to the combat ruſh,
Where Berkeley's boys are polling.

When Gloceſterſhire was canvaſs'd round,
Where dwell the ſons of freedom;
"No Cheſter" was the general cry,
No tool they ſaid ſhould lead 'em,
For well they knew by what had paſs'd,
He wore the court complexion;
And vow'd with one of ſuch a caſt,
They would have no connexion.

To ſerve the cauſe that's rotten grown,
And prop the weak foundation;
Such inſolence ſure ne'er was known,
On any like occaſion.
Recourſe was had to piſtol ſhot
Which brought on ſuch diſdain Sir;
That Blue upon his Flag has got,
An everlaſting ſtain, Sir.

But hearts of oak who vow to ſee,
Their worthy leader righted;
By fire arms nobly ſcorn'd to be,
From field of battle frighted.
The hardy vet'rans bold and bluff,
The madneſs juſtly treated;
For Berkeley's boys are piſtol proof,
They cannot be defeated.

SONG

SONG IV.

TOM and NELL. An Election Dialogue.

AS tipling Tom the other night
From alehouſe had retreated;
His lovely Nell in angry plight,
Theſe words to him repeated.
"My deareſt Tom againſt your call
"I am a ſtrong proteſter;
"I'd rather you'd not vote at all
"Than give your voice for Cheſter."

"Dear Nell, ſays Tom, you know the 'Squire,
"My ſuffrage has requeſted;
"I muſt ſubmit to his deſire,
"Since matters are conteſted;
"The 'Squire (ſays ſhe) I value not,
"Nor any ſuch requeſter;
"If Nell you love, you will not move
"An inch to ſerve a Cheſter."

To bed crept Thomas in a crack,
And much was ſtruck with wonder;
Whilſt ſhe who ne'er before held back,
Did in his ears thus thunder;
"Remonſtrances are all in vain.
"Of juſtice thou deteſter.
"I'll not come to unleſs you vow,
"You will not vote for Cheſter.

"Four years or more have we been wed,
"There's nothing e'er could thwart us;"

Tom then in true good nature ſaid,
" This quarrel ſhall not part us;
" For were the fair alone to vote,"
(He ſmiling, thus addreſt her)
" My bonny Nell, I know it well,
" There'd be no chance for Cheſter."

His kind complying countenance,
A pleaſing ſcene compleated;
His heart in rapture ſeem'd to dance,
To ſee her wrath abated;
A union ſoon was brought about,
Within his arms he preſt her;
And whilſt Nell, Berkeley ſhouted out,
Tom cry'd, " No Bromley Cheſter."

SONG V.

A DIALOGUE.

THAT Freeholders good we've rejected,
By many is known to be true;
Yet the ſame kind of votes we protected,
Who came in behalf of the Blue.
The battle can never be won,
If recourſe is not had to ſuch play;
Keep doing my friend as you've done,
And I will keep bullying away.

As our point can't be gain'd but by mobbing,
Laſt night I had ſerious alarms,
My heart in my boſom was throbbing,
I dreamt of the Serjeant at Arms.

Your

Your caſe much reſembles my own!
Rubs of Conſcience we're certain to meet;
I thought ere the clock had ſtruck one,
Old *Akerman ſtood at my feet.

In future, howe'er we may rue it,
Still let us adhere to the plan,
And baniſh all thoughts about Newgate,
We muſt and we will have our man.
At Shaftſb'ry when Punch ſtrew'd his gold,
About bribery was ſeen a ſtrange bluſter;
But for perjury let it be told,
None can match the blue voters of Glo'ſter.

* Keeper of Newgate.

SONG VI.

On the Frenchified PROCESSION of the BLUES

WHEN the Blues each morn parade,
View the courtly cavalcade;
Engliſh hearts muſt in diſdain,
Hold the mongrel motley train.

Mark thoſe he-ſhe things call'd pages,
Cringing for their venal wages;
Manly worth with laughter ſcans,
Ruddy cheeks and milk-white hands.

Boys and girls with wonder ſtare,
At this heterogeneous pair;
And the Fair in juſt deriſion,
Treat the tawdry exhibition.

Britons fir'd with indignation,
View this Frenchified Proceſſion;
Nabobs, keep your ſlaves at Wor'ſter,
Eunuchs are deſpis'd at Glo'ſter.

SONG VII.

On CHAIRING Mr. BERKELEY.

Tune---*See the Conquering Hero comes.*

SEE the legal Member comes!
Sound your fifes and beat your drums;
Slaves may make deſpotic ſtrides,
But manly worth triumphant rides.

In this truly partial fight,
Juſtice ſoon ſhall ſet us right;
Venal ſouls and treacherous hearts,
Soon ſhall meet their juſt deſerts.

To redreſs an injur'd land,
To your Native firmly ſtand;
Truth will in the end decree,
Berkeley crown'd with victory.

View yon heart-ſtung perjur'd throng,
Howling as they ſteal along;
Sons of freedom nobly ſpurn,
The vaunting of a baſe return.

Herefordſhire Election.

THE LONDON CAST OFF.

Tune---A widow bewitch'd with her paſſion.

AN Alderman ſtrongly connected
With thoſe at St. James's parading,
Who would, if the Premier directed,
Our rights be for ever invading,
To humour his pride,
Muſt take a large ſtride,
For ſuch was his fond inclination;
He fain would appear,
A Knight of the Shire,
But much to his mortification,
Of freedom this bitter derider.
Amongſt the true lovers of cyder,
Found none, but what courtiers requeſted,
Would vote for a name ſo deteſted.

They would not adhere to his plan, ſir,
The Londoners thoroughly try'd him;
They found him a dangerous man, ſir,
And nobly diſdain'd and deny'd him.
Can Herefordſhire,
Supinely give ear,
To ſuch a notorious t------r!
Or be ſo miſled,
And flattery fed,
To bend to the Miniſter's creature!

To

Who wiſhes for ſycophants cannot,
A greater one find in the ſenate;
And laſting diſgrace muſt attend him,
That does in this conteſt befriend him.

His actions are juſt of a-piece, ſirs,
With thoſe who've their country defrauded;
No wonder why ſuch public fleecers
By Britain's worſt foes are applauded;
The worthy ſir George,
His worſhip did ſcourge;
He ſent him from Hereford ſcrubbing;
If cyder-bred boys,
Their liberty prize,
They'll give him another ſore drubbing.
Ye Gods, if ſtrict juſtice you'd pay him,
Acroſs the Atlantic convey him;
And England, with fond exultation,
Will welcome the happy occaſion.

THE CONTRACTOR's CANVASS.

'TWAS in the land of cyder,
When conteſts were in faſhion;
Such a fight began,
For parliament man,
That much alarm'd the nation!

The graſping Court-contractor,
Who Britain's iſle diſgraces;
To humbug the land,
Weak minds has trepann'd,
By promiſes of places.

The

The poor unthinking creature,
Who condeſcends to try him;
By this deep fineſſe,
Can but little gueſs,
How he's aiming to decoy him.

For ſhould he gain the conteſt,
When his dupes are round him gather'd;
To America,
He ſhips them away,
To be ſhot at, tarr'd and feather'd.

He thus ſalutes the prieſthood,
" My friends pray do not loiter;
" The Vicars ſhall all,
" Meet promotions call,
" And the Deacon ſhall have a mitre."

Then come ye honeſt Britons,
Leſt deep deſpair ye fall in,
Beware of the bait,
And ſhun the deceit,
By voting for a Walwyn.

Should Hereford like London,
Reject him to his ſorrow;
To honour his worth,
Let his friend Lord North,
Get him into a Corniſh borough.

The boaſting of your rivals,
Repel with juſt deriſion;
For the cyder land,
To a prieſt-rid band,
Shall never pay ſubmiſſion.

SONG

THE KIDNAPPERS.

Tune, As Jack the briſk young drummer.

'TWAS when that conteſt had begun,
Which caus'd much conſternation!
I mean betwixt fair freedom's ſon,
And black adminiſtration;
The black gowns who of tyranny,
Were ever warm protectors,
To ſerve their man, the trade began,
Of nabbing free electors.

An honeſt heart that freely came,
To give his voice for Walwyn,
Who never of the ſnare could dream,
Which ſoon he chanc'd to fall in;
By one amongſt the ſable train,
Was trapt in ſuch a manner,
That free-born ſouls in juſt diſdain,
Muſt hold the baſe trepanner.

In treating of this dirty job,
Which all may truly credit;
I will no fiction on you ſob,
But frankly tell who did it:
A wretch whoſe heart is made of STONE,
By falſe pretence decoy'd him;
And thought the beſt that could be done
Was in his houſe to hide him.

From ſuch a thieving den to get,
What caſh the man could raiſe, ſir;
Was offer'd, and at length he met,
From bondage his releaſe, ſir;

And

And let who dare the charge gain-ſay,
This point I will inſiſt on;
That S-----E has prov'd himſelf to be,
More devil-like than chriſtian.

A blade who did the ſcene eſpy,
Declares the ſurly doctor,
Was in his ſcheme aſſiſted by
A dapper dabbling proctor;
But think how ſtrange it is to ſee
The Biſhop's underſtrappers,
The goſpel doctrine ſhun, to be
The Miniſter's kidnappers.

THE SOLDIERS COMPLAINT.

Tune, The old Woman of Grimſtone.

IN pitiful plight,
After Bunker's hill fight,
Poor ſoldiers were making ſad moan;
In Old England they ſaid,
From whence virtue had fled,
Men had hearts that were harder than ſtone.

As proviſions run ſhort,
And coarſe was the ſort,
A general murmur aroſe;
But the cauſe of this rout,
Was the wretch to find out,
Who pinch'd them in body and toes.

Contractors they ſwore,
Their own land wou'd devour
So the pelf in their fobs did but come;

But

But amongſt the vile train,
None was held in diſdain,
Like him they eall'd Vinegar Tom.

Tho' this pander at court,
Whom the black gowns ſupport,
Is known to be England's rank foe;
Yet ſome wretches I trow,
So ſubmiſſive will bow,
As to kiſs his Right Honourable toe.

Not a friend to taxation,
On every occaſion,
But wiſhes his efforts may hit;
For as times plainly ſhew,
Taxes more muſt enſue,
To enforce them, what creature ſo fit.

Tho' London reject him,
The ſtate muſt elect him,
For his implicit ſervice they prize him;
'Tis Herefordſhire,
Muſt bring it to bear,
For all other counties deſpiſe him.

The friends to Scotch kale,
Say their dupe cannot fail,
And the Premier his joy cannot ſmother;
For this is his tone,
Let me ſend up one,
And Lord Bute ſhall next time ſend another.

To a much hated Lord,
When our rights are transferr'd,
In return for the generous bounty;
Fair Herefordſhire,
Ever after ſhall wear
The name of Scot-ridden county.

BIRMINGHAM NAVIGATION.

AN ODE.

FOR ancient deeds let Hiſtory unfold
The page where wonders are enroll'd,
And tell how Jaſon, from the Colchin ſhore,
The Golden Fleece in triumph bore:
A nobler theme the muſe inſpires,
And every ſkilful artiſt fires
With heart-felt joy a work to ſee
Cut out for grand utillity;
A project form'd, by which, 'tis plain,
That thouſands muſt advantage gain:
And ſure that plan muſt be of noble uſe,
That tends in price proviſions to reduce.
Bleſt Navigation! ſource of that increaſe
Which Commerce finds, and brightens all its ways.

AIR.

Sons of Hermes, haſte to pleaſure,
For the joy belongs to you;
May you live to reap the treaſure
That muſt happily enſue.

Treaſures

Treaſure, from Staffordian plains,
Richer than Peruvian mines;
And by what the Artiſt gains
All his principal deſigns.

RECITATIVE.

Could our forefathers from the ſhades but trace
The noble plan
Their ſons began,
To what amazement would the work appear!
A train of veſſels floating by the place
Where ſprightly ſteeds, at trumpet ſound,
In conteſt wing'd along the ground,
And thouſands to the pleaſures would repair.
Bleſt Genius of this fruitful land,
Whoſe deep ſagacious mind,
To benefit mankind,
The glorious undertaking plann'd;
Whoſe living fame the wonders tell,
Of thy far more than common ſkill,
Whoſe matchleſs art all doubts diſpel,
And kingdoms with amazement fill.
When that fam'd Peer,* to patroniſe his art,
Had ſet the laudable deſign on foot,
Which brought his meaſures into grand repute,
Aſtoniſh'd mortals, from each diſtant part,
The model view'd,
And wond'ring ſtood;
But how much more when brought to bear,
And veſſels under veſſels ſteer!

* The Duke of BRIDGWATER.

Of

The neighbouring Counties ſaw the good effect,
And now behold the vaſt increaſe
Of cuts, fair Commerce to protect,
Which fills the bright mechanic with Delight;
Nor will the undertakings ceaſe,
'Till Trent and Severn with the Thames unite.

A I R.

What mortals ſo happy as Birmingham boys!
What people ſo fluſh'd with the ſweeteſt of joys!
All hearts fraught with mirth at the wharf ſhall appear,
Their aſpects proclaim it the jubilee year;
And be full as gay in their frolickſome pranks,
As they who were dancing on Avon's green banks.

There never in war was for victory won,
A cauſe that deſerv'd ſuch reſpect from the town;
Then revel in gladneſs, let harmony flow,
From the diſtrict of Bordſley to Paradiſe-Row;
For true-feeling joy on each breaſt muſt be wrought,
When coals under five-pence per hundred are bought.

Rejoice then ye artiſts, drive ſorrow away,
And over your cups ſocial gladneſs diſplay;
The wealthy will cheerfully cheriſh the cauſe,
The poor give their honeſt and hearty applauſe;
Nor dread from the winter's approach any harm,
When bleſt with good fires their bodies to warm.

But let not the joys be confin'd to the town,
All over the country ſhall gladneſs be ſhewn;
The Tradeſman, Mechanic, and Cottager too,
Shall all ſhare the bounty that ſoon muſt enſue,

And when o'er the houſes Sol ſcarcely does peep,
Be better prepar'd a good Chriſtmas to keep.

The Heavens are kind, and have plenty beſtow'd,
Rich crops have been gather'd, and trade has been good;
And ſince food and fuel diminiſh in price,
Have not we much reaſon to ſing and rejoice?
From winter's approach then what harm can we fear,
When bounteouſly furniſh'd with comforting cheer?

Birmingham, for arts renown'd,
O'er the globe ſhall foremoſt ſtand;
Nor its vaſt increaſe be found
To be equall'd in the land.
If the will of Fancy ranges,
From the Tagus to the Ganges,
Or from Lapland cliffs extend,
To the Patagonian ſtrand;
For mechanic ſkill and pow'r,
In what kingdom, on what ſhore,
Lies the place that can ſupply
The world with ſuch variety?

In war or in peace,
All Commerce would ceaſe,
Was it not for a free Navigation:
'Tis of riches the ſource,
When ſuch plans we enforce,
And of freedom, our dear preſervation.

Arts, Genius, and Science,
On thee have reliance,
And reverence thy conquering pow'r,
Whoſe caſtles of wood,

Floating

Floating bulwarks have ſtood,
To the terror of Gallia's proud ſhore.

Still may our veſſels o'er the briny deep,
To ſundry ports their various courſes keep:
May navigation, liberty's dear friend,
Her wonted fame to greater lengths extend;
Open her ſluices and through mountains force,
To diſtant lands an eaſy intercourſe:
And Birmingham, for every curious art
Her ſons invent, be Europe's greateſt mart;
In ſtates and kingdoms ever ſtand enroll'd,
The grand mechanic warehouſe of the world!

EPILOGUE written by the Author of theſe ſongs, and ſpoken at New-ſtreet Theatre, Birmingham, after a Play for his Benefit, by permiſſion of Mr. Yates.

IN times of old, it often has been ſaid,
The beſt of authors ſcarce cou'd earn their bread:
And ſtill we find in theſe our modern days,
Poor as a Poet----is a common phraſe.----
Not long ago a bard in needy plight,
To ſooth his cares and ſet his matters right,
Thinking this houſe would give him ſome relief,
Made application to our vet'ran chief.
Indulg'd in this particular requeſt,
'Twas then his duty to perform his beſt.
The night comes on, his beſt of friends appear.
But wonder not if ſome diſcover fear,
For many were with expectation warm,
To ſee the Poet in the Actor's form.

When

When queſtion'd why he ſeem'd afraid to tread
The dang'rous ſtage, his preſſing cauſe to plead;
His anſwer was---Tho' bred upon the ground
Where freedom reigns, and orators abound,
That notwithſtanding the expedient rules,
Weekly laid down in free debating ſchools;
'Twas paſt his ſkill to reach the graceful art
Of ſpeech and action---pleaſure to impart;
Therefore as proxy, pardon the addreſs,
I come---his thanks moſt humbly to expreſs.
In ſuch concerns, where fondeſt hopes ſucceed,
The grateful heart can ne'er forget the deed.
But while to You, reſpectfully he bends,
To You---his Patrons---Benefactors---Friends;
Words ill expreſs the gratitude he owes
To him from whom this bounteous flows.---
Oft has it been remark'd in life's grand ſphere,
That common bards keep Lent throughout the year;
That ſuch obſervations are not always true,
This night's appearance the reverſe will ſhew.
The ſcene is chang'd, his brow is eas'd of ſorrow,
Call at his houſe you'll find Roaſt Beef to-morrow.

FINIS.

DUDLEY ROUT.

A SONG.

On the Celebration of the Victory on Long-Iſland.

DUDLEY's a loyal ſpot,
Hey boys! Oh boys.
Dudley's a loyal ſpot,
Can the World ſay it's not,
Oh the brave Dudley boys! Oh.

Boys give a joyous ſhout,
Hey boys, &c.
Boys give a joyous ſhout,
We'll have another rout.
Oh the brave, &c.

Good news is come to town,
Hey boys, &c.
Good news is come to town,
Muſic the day ſhall crown,
Oh the brave, &c.

We've got a Caſtle Gate,
Hey Boys, &c.
We've got a Caſtle Gate,
Thither we'll walk in State.
Oh the brave, &c.

When

When to the Gate we've been,
Hey boys &c.
When to the Gate we've been,
Then we'll march back again.
Oh the brave, &c.

We are true coal-pit lads,
Hey boys, &c.
We are true coal-pit lads,
Slaughter each Boſom glads.
Oh the brave, &c.

I wiſh New-York was ta'en,
Hey Boys, &c.
I wiſh New-York was ta'en,
And all the Rebels ſlain.
Oh the brave, &c.

Hang thoſe who mercy ſhew,
Hey boys, &c.
Hang thoſe who mercy ſhew,
And Preſbyterians too.
Oh the brave, &c.

We are all ſubjects good,
Hey boys, &c.
We are all ſubjects good,
For we delight in blood.
Oh the brave, &c.

With us Humanity,
Hey boys, &c.

With us humanity
Would be infanity.
Oh the brave, &c.

Ev'ry Town round ſhall know,
Hey Boys, &c.
Ev'ry Town round ſhall know,
We've had a Raree-Show,
O the brave, &c.

In good Queen Beſs's days,
Hey boys, &c.
In good Queen Beſs's days
Coventry gain'd the praiſe.
Oh the brave city boys ! Oh.

Did not the Mayor cry,
Hey boys, &c.
Did not the Mayor cry,
God bleſs your Majeſty.
Oh the brave city boys ! Oh.

Now all the world ſhall ſee
Hey boys, &c.
Now all the world ſhall ſee
We've outdone Coventry.
Oh the brave Dudlev boys! O.

A SECOND ROUT,

Or the proceedings of the Dudley Council, *on an inſult offer'd to their conſpicuous Loyalty.*

To the celebrated Tune of—*Sir John why will you go fight-a.*

IT happened upon a certain day,
When tidings great were brought-a;
In ſhewing their joys, the Dudley boys,
Conſpicuous would be thought-a.

That all the land of their wond'rous feats,
Might fondly boaſt and prate-a;
The world has been told, how brave and bold,
They ſtorm'd the Caſtle gate-a.

Now when it was known ſome *Rebel* vile,
Had words inſulting ſaid-a;
Pray was it not fit, a Council ſhould ſit,
His awful doom to read-a.

The Preſident was of the ſable train,
Baſe deeds he held in ſcorn-a;
From his manly zeal, which he could not conceal,
You'd have took him for Parſon Horne-a.

For he like the prieſt of Brentford ſwore,
When going the mob to head-a;
As he pray'd for blood, in a cauſe ſo good,
He'd dye his black coat red-a.

With

With phyſic and law at each elbow ſide,
His reverence to exert-a;
For the girls and boys, art could not deviſe,
More fine and pleaſing ſport-a.

Like diſciplin'd troops, theſe valiant hearts,
Did o'er the town parade-a;
And woe unto he, who their loyalty,
Did offer to degrade-a.

For ſoon as his ſentence was pronounc'd,
Whoſe very heart muſt quake-a;
The Miniſter run, with his rifle gun,
To ſhoot him in the back-a.

A Stationer ſtood at the Parſon's heels,
And as the ſtory goes-a;
At the word preſent, there roſe a ſcent,
Which did offend his noſe-a.

" The ladies peep'd out of their windows to ſee,"
This warlike wonderful band-a;
Whoſe looks were ſo bright, you'd ſwear at firſt ſight,
Their faces had been japann'd-a.

The people did ſo much fondneſs ſhew,
Whenever the Prieſt cry'd ſhoot-a;
In triumph loud, the ſooty croud,
For joy did hollow and hoot-a.

Such ſhooting, ſuch ſhouting, and burning withal,
Such a ſtink and ſtagg'ring about-a;
Muſt laughter impart, to every heart,
Who hears of the Dudley rout-a.

Parody *on the* Jolly Young Waterman.

AND did you not hear of a dexterous Miniſter,
Who at the head of the Treaſury plies;
Whom nothing but war with the French or the Spaniards,
With trembling can ſtrike, or with fear can ſurprize:
He looks ſo keen, and talks ſo wittily,
All his work is done ſo prettily;
From angry opponents he's nothing to fear,
For always has he his majority near.

The queſtion be ever ſo great and important,
When given 'twill juſt like a wildfire run;
By chance if his myrmidons lack of his meaning,
If only he beckons the buſineſs is done.
In every cauſe his point he carries,
For what to him are your Burkes and Barres;
When argument fails him, his numbers are ſure,
What Miniſter can be deſirous of more.

Contractors and Jobbers come flocking around him,
'Tis all for the pelf that his favour they court;
For were he not bleſt, with the gift of beſtowing,
Not one of theſe creatures would near him reſort:
Tho' trade were loſt, and thouſands bleeding,
Such things are much beneath their heeding;
They care not with who, nor how much people jar,
So they can compleatly get rich by the war.

Taxation's the object which brought on a quarrel,
'Twas done to provide for luxurious elves;
But Engliſhmen quickly, I fear to their ſorrow,
Will find that the damage muſt fall on themſelves:
The flame's increaſ'd, more ſhips are manning,
And taxes freſh, our chiefs are planning;
For why about taxing need Miniſters care,
When Tradeſmen they know all the burden [illegible]

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